

**HEROES
AND
GREATHEARTS
AND
THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS**

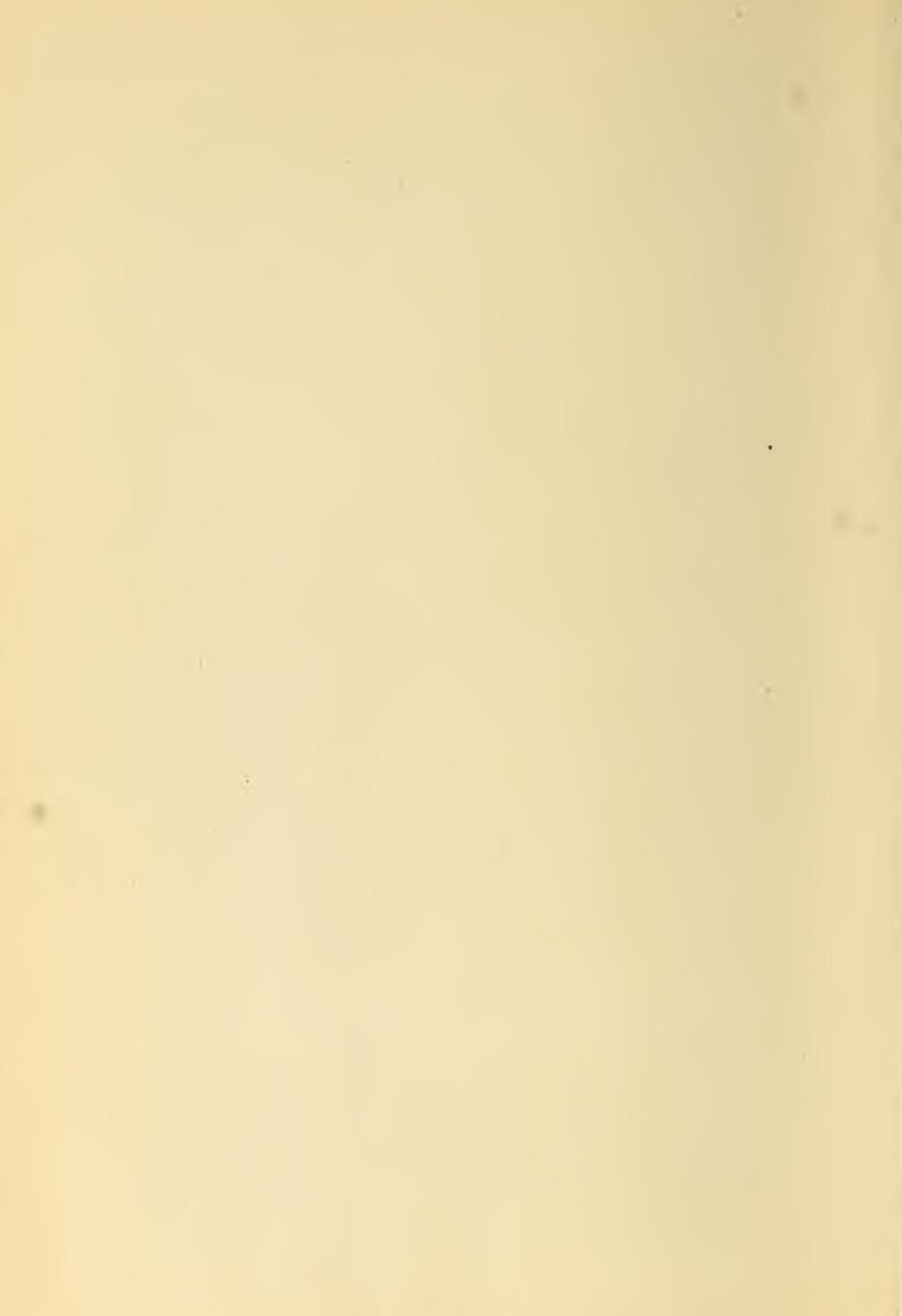


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Heroes and Greathearts

AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS

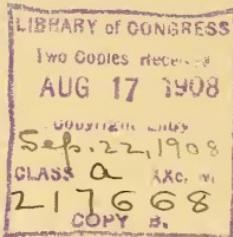
JOHN T. DALE



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PREFACE

Every boy and girl will have their heroes. Who shall they be? Shall they be the champions of the prize ring, the bullies who terrorize all who are smaller and weaker than themselves, or nothing higher than the captain of a baseball team or society leader?

Or shall their heroes be the men and women who have stood for the right and who have enriched the world by noble deeds and exalted lives.

Almost every child has within him a nobility of soul which recognizes these qualities in others, and which will respond to the influence and example of a great life.

Fortunate, indeed, is the youth to whom such an appeal to his better nature is made during his early years while the mind is plastic and impressionable.

The purpose of this book is to direct attention to some of those great souls who have been amongst the leaders in the great conflict for truth and justice—to show the gentle and kindly side of their natures by their love and attachment to the animals under their care.

It is hoped that the book may be used to advantage by teachers during the time allotted to "Nature Studies," or at any spare moments when they can read selections to their classes.

These selections can be amplified by the teacher in her own language if she desires, or questions asked, as preferred.

It is hoped also that it may be used as supplementary reading in the schools. It is also designed for Bands of Mercy and for the homes of the people.

It is believed that the incidents connected with the great characters mentioned, together with the poems and recitations, will influence the reader to words and acts of kindness and sympathy.

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(I) MERRIAM'S MEAN NORMAL TEMPERATURE FOR HOTTEST SIX WEEKS OF YEAR. (PLATE 44.)

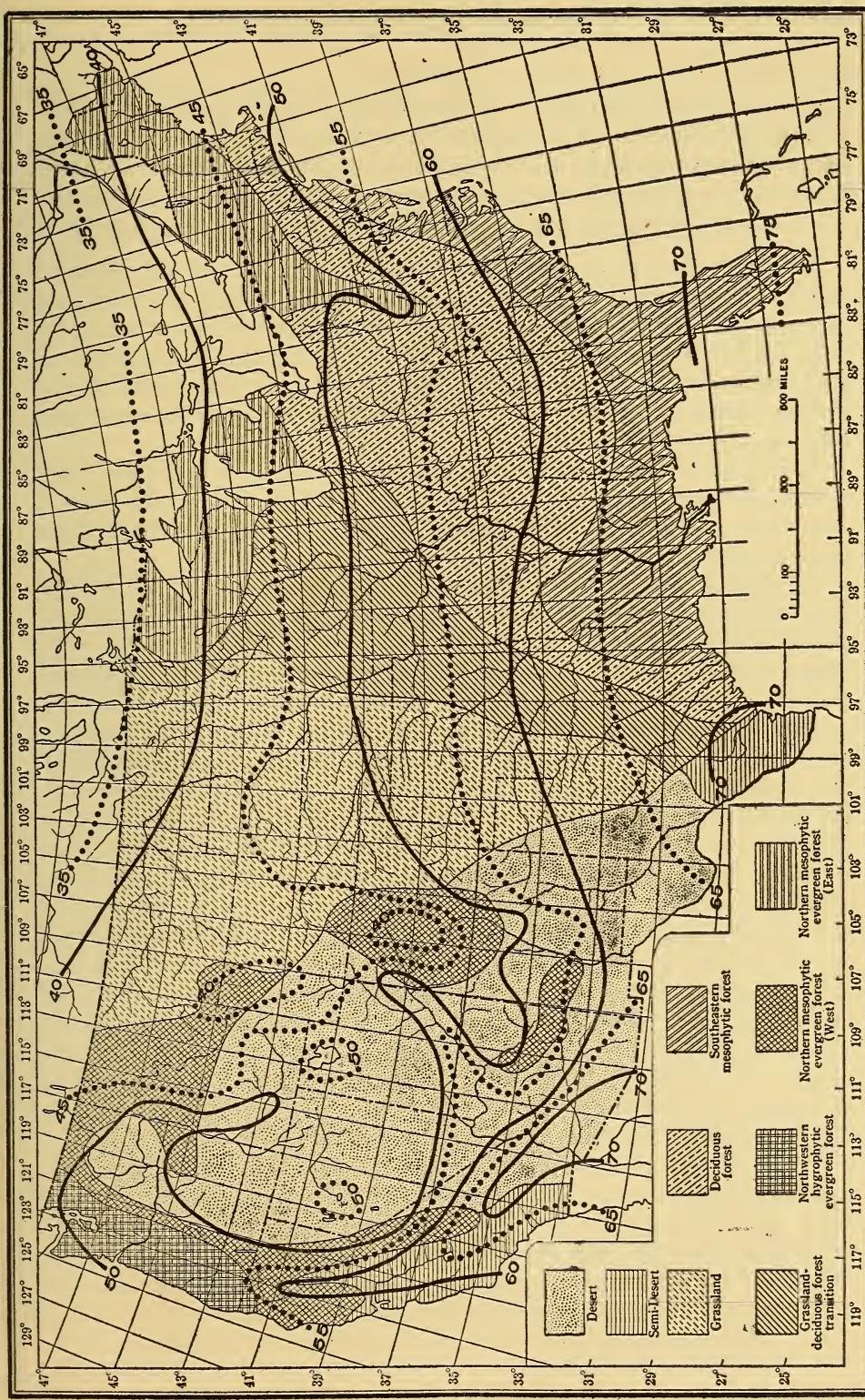
In the same paper (1894) from which we have already made extracts, Merriam calls attention to the fact that, while his summation indices (our plate 37) appear to furnish satisfactory criteria for relating temperature conditions to the northward limits of species distribution, yet these do not seem at all satisfactory in connection with the southward extension of northern forms. This author writes (1894, p. 233):

It is evident * * * that the southward range of Boreal species * * * is regulated by some cause other than the total quantity of heat [*i. e.*, his summation indices]. This cause was believed to be the mean temperature of the hottest part of the year, for it is reasonable to suppose that Boreal species in ranging southward will encounter, sooner or later, a degree of heat they are unable to endure. * * * For experimental purposes, and without attempting unnecessary refinement, the mean normal temperature of the 6 hottest consecutive weeks of summer was arbitrarily chosen and platted on a large contour map of the United States, as in the case of the total quantity of heat.

We here reproduce in its essentials, as our plate 44, the chart thus obtained—Merriam's (1894) plate 13—because of its scarcity and of its interest in connection with our own studies. The marked differences between this chart and that of our plate 37 (also reproduced from Merriam) are practically confined to the Pacific Slope. East of the Sierra Nevada, Cascade, and San Bernardino Ranges the zone with a normal for the hottest 6 weeks of above 79° F. (26° C.) corresponds well with that of the Merriam summation above 18,000 (F.) or 10,000 (C.); the zone characterized by a 6-weeks normal of from 72° F. (22° C.) to 79° F. (26° C.) corresponds with that having a summation of from 11,500 (F.) or 6,300 (C.) to 18,000 (F.) or 10,000 (C.); the zone with a 6-weeks normal of from 64° F. (18° C.) to 72° F. (22° C.) corresponds to that with a summation from 10,000 (F.) or 5,500 (C.), to 11,500 (F.) or 6,400 (C.); and a similar correspondence is noted between the zone having a 6-weeks normal below 64° F. (18° C.) and that with a summation of less than 10,000 (F.) or 5,500 (C.). On the Pacific Slope, however, no such series of comparisons can be instituted. While the coldest zone of the summation chart does not appear at all on the Pacific Slope of the United States, the zone of the 6-weeks normals, which corresponds to this elsewhere, occupies the whole coast as far south as Los Angeles. Furthermore, the next to the coldest zone of normals extends much farther westward and southward in the region under discussion than does the corresponding zone of summations; the former occupies the coastal area west of the San Bernardino and San Jacinto Mountains, south of Los Angeles. Merriam has drawn important conclusions from these differences, bearing upon the delimitation of his life-zones, a matter which will receive some attention in Part III of the present publication.

(J) NORMAL MEAN ANNUAL TEMPERATURE. (PLATE 45.)

The normal mean annual temperature is commonly employed by climatologists for comparing climatic temperature intensities, and it



Normal mean annual temperatures (after U. S. Weather Bureau). Numerical values are degrees F. The base is plate 2.

To those
Young in years
Or, young in heart
Who aspire to
Kindliness without ostentation,
Gentleness without servility,
This book is
Respectfully dedicated.

HEROES AND GREATHEARTS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS

HEROES.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise.
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
Where'er a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod:
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield.
And the gleam above is the smile of God.

So in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world today.

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

WHAT ARE BANDS OF MERCY?

Bands of Mercy are societies of children who promise to be kind to animals and to each other. They started only twenty-five years ago, and yet they have spread all over the country and have a large membership.

They are organized in Sunday schools of all religious beliefs, and in a great many public schools, not only in this country, but in many others. In England, the Royal Society was under the patronage of Queen Victoria, and its president was one of the Queen's trusted friends and counselors.

In Germany, one society contains twenty-three generals and over two hundred lesser officers in the German army. There are said to be over 68,000 Bands of Mercy in the United States and British America, with a membership of over two million boys and girls.

These societies are formed because it is easier to teach children when they are young to be kind to animals and to one another, than it is after they grow up, and their habits become fixed. Very often a few words of appeal, or a little story, will move with pity the heart of a child, so that all its after life will

be filled with deeds of kindness and love. It is easy to form a Band of Mercy. The children sign this pledge:

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and to protect them from cruel usage."

Then they elect a president and secretary and hold their meetings, which are made interesting by readings, recitations and songs.

About sixty years ago in a little country school house nestled among the bleak hills of New Hampshire, there was a young lady teacher, who had a heart large and tender enough to care for all of God's creatures. There were no Bands of Mercy then by that name, but she really had one in her school for she taught her scholars that God expected them to be kind to all his creatures.

No doubt many of her scholars remembered her words all their lives, and were kind and gentle by reason of her teaching. But there was one little boy who had a big generous heart, and who never forgot her words. When he grew to be a young man, he decided to go West, like many others, to seek his fortune. He went to Chicago. He was honest, hard working and faithful to his employers, and in time went into business for himself. When he became wealthy, he did not forget the words of his teacher and became one of the organizers of a society to prevent cruelty.

He was elected state senator and helped to pass laws for the punishment of men who are cruel to animals. He gave his time and money to help along the work as long as he lived.

It all began with the words of the teacher who taught him when a little boy to be kind. This is what the Bands of Mercy do. Now there is a great army of boys and girls growing up who are ever ready to protect the weak and helpless, whether man or beast.

WHAT THE SPARROWS SAY.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered in gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn nor storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's fortune,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet.

I have always enough to keep me,
And "Life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found,
But the Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

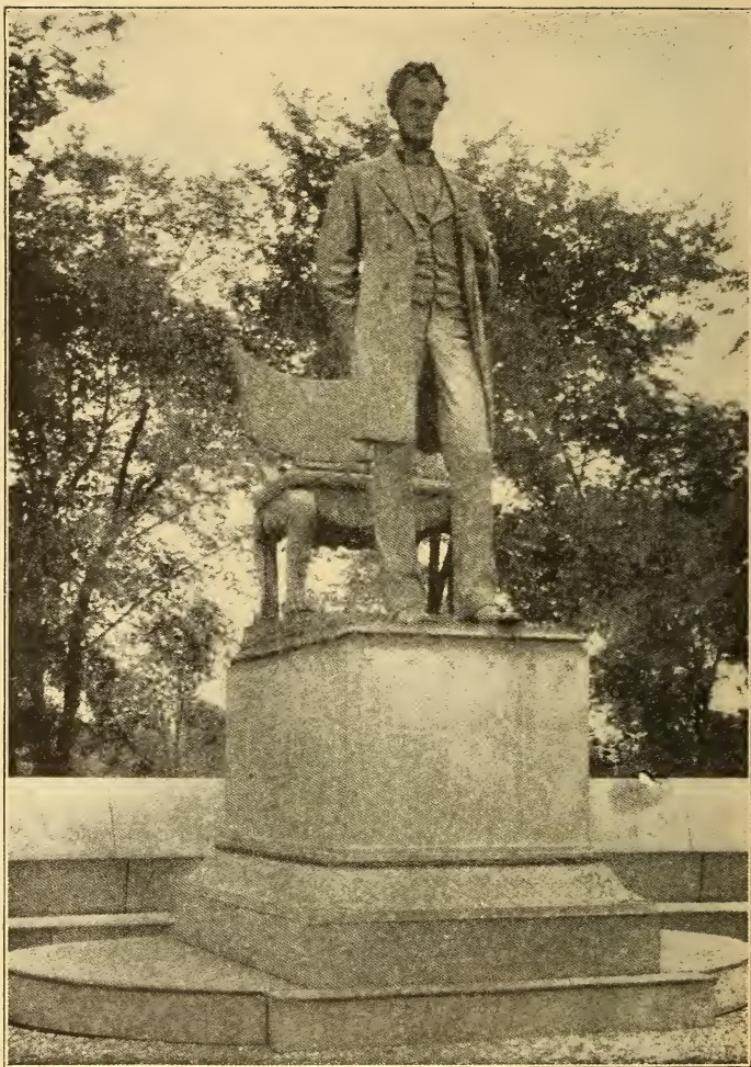
Though small we are never forgotten,
Though weak we are never afraid,—
For we know our dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest;
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
But I know that wherever I fly,
The Father will guard and watch me.
Have you less faith than I?

—Author Unknown.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

St. Gauden's Statue

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS AND KITTENS.

Every boy and girl has heard of Abraham Lincoln, who wrote the words that made free four millions of slaves. We celebrate his birthday now, and every year the memory of his life and deeds seems to grow dearer to the whole world.

Before Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States he was a lawyer in the central part of Illinois. In those days the settlements were far apart, and the wide prairies were covered by wild grass and flowers, for there were few farms and fences, and the roads were often so muddy they could not be used.

There were few people in any one county, and the towns were too small for each to keep a lawyer busy, and so the lawyers would travel from one county to another to attend the different courts and to try their cases.

On account of bad roads, they generally went on horseback so that they could pick their way better, and as the distances between the different towns were long, they used to travel together, perhaps five or six at a time. If you could hear the stories they told, and the jokes they made, you would laugh till your sides ached, for nearly all the lawyers of those days were great story tellers. Lincoln, himself, was one of the best, and when he became President and the terrible Civil War seemed almost to crush his spirits, he seemed to find relief in telling a funny story.

On one of those journeys before he became President, he was riding on horseback with several of his fellow lawyers, when

they noticed he lagged behind them, and then he turned his horse and went back some distance, and got off his horse, and seemed to pick something from the ground. After awhile he mounted his horse and overtook his friends and they asked him what he went back for.

Mr. Lincoln told them he had seen two little birds that had fallen from their nest, and were trying to get back to it. At first he went on, but his mind could not rest, and he could not feel right, until he had gone back and put them back in their nest.

On another of those journeys, he saw a pig which had waded in a miry slough and was stuck in the mud. The more it struggled the deeper it sank. Mr. Lincoln had a new suit of clothes and of course did not like to get them soiled, and went on. But he could not get the poor pig, struggling in vain for its life, out of his mind, so he went back and helped the pig out of the mud, although he soiled his new clothes badly.

These were little things to do, but it is such little things that show what men are, and what boys and girls are.

After Mr. Lincoln became President, and during the Civil War, he visited General Grant at his headquarters, where the Union army was encamped. It was at a time when it seemed as if he would break down from his great burden of care and labor, and those who knew him pitied him when they saw his sad hollow eyes and anxious face. When he came to General Grant's tent, there were three little kittens that had lost their mother, and were crawling about the tent mewing in the most

piteous manner. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, put them on his lap, and stroked their soft fur, and said :

“Poor little creatures, you’ll be taken good care of.”

And turning to an officer said, “Colonel, I hope you will see that these motherless little waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly.”

The officer replied, “I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and well cared for.”

Several times afterward, during his stay at the camp, he was seen fondling those kittens. It was a strange sight to see the President of the United States and the commander-in-chief of the great Union army, petting little kittens, at a time when he was carrying a burden of care, enough to crush any man. This little act showed the kindness of his nature better than any words could describe, and no wonder that we love and reverence his name and memory.

Kind hearts, and helpful spirits such as Mr. Lincoln had, which did not overlook even the little birds and kittens, bring joy and gladness to the world.

THE BIRDS’ PICNIC.

The birds gave a picnic, the morning was fine.
They all came in couples, to chat and to dine;
Miss Robin, Miss Wren and the two Misses Jay,
Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And bluebird, who looks like a handful of sky,
Dropped in with her spouse, as the morning wore by;

The yellow-birds, too, wee bundles of sun,
With the brave chickadees, came along to the fun.

Miss Phoebe was there, in her prim suit of brown ;
In fact, all the birds in the fair leafy town.
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited ;
Not even the ants and the crickets were slighted.

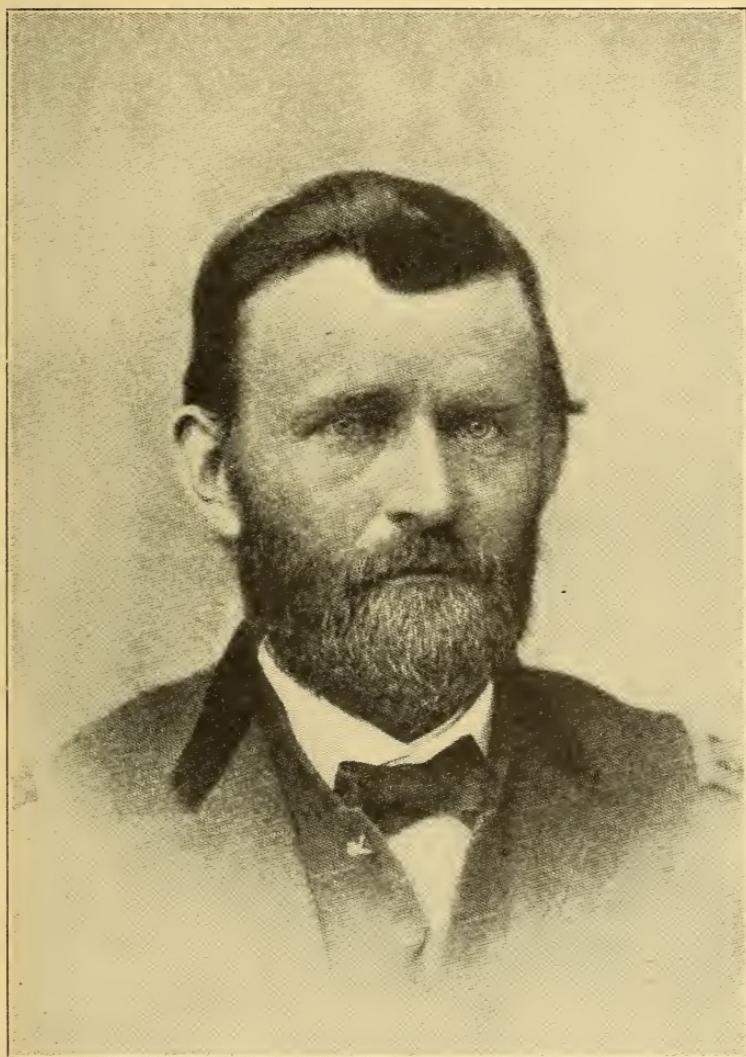
The grasshoppers came—some in gray, some in green,
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen :
Little Miss Miller flew in with her gown white as milk ;
And Lady Bug flourished in a new crimson silk.

The bees turned out lively, the young and the old,
And proud as could be, in their spencers of gold ;
But Miss Caterpillar, how funny of her,
She hurried along in her mantle of fur !

There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great and small,—
A very hard matter to mention them all.
And what did they do ? Why they sported and sang,
Till all the green wood with their melody rang.

Whoe'er gave a picnic so grand and so gay ?
They hadn't a shower, I'm happy to say.
And when the sun fell, like a cherry-ripe red,
The fire-flies lighted them all home to bed.

—*Selected.*



GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS BRAVE HORSE.

General Ulysses S. Grant was one of the bravest soldiers who ever lived. Yet, he did not like war, but did all in his power to end it as soon as possible. Like almost every great and brave man, he had a kind heart. One of his staff officers who was close to him during the Civil War, said that he never saw him terribly enraged but once. That was when he saw one of his soldiers abusing his mule. He gave that soldier a scolding he would never forget. This act of his, taking the part of the poor mule, when he had the command and care of a great army on his mind, tells us more than any words how he loved and cared for animals.

When he was a boy, he was sent to West Point, where the government has a great school to train young men to be soldiers. He was noted even then for his horsemanship. No horse was too wild for him to tame, yet sometimes he made the horse feel that he was not only his master but his friend. This skill in riding horses came into use afterward, when he became a great general. It saved him at one time from being taken as a prisoner of war.

After the Battle of Belmont, near the banks of the Mississippi river, Grant and his men were chased by the Confederates toward the river. They had to get down to some large boats which lay in the river, in order to escape. General Grant was the last man, and when he came up to the brink of the river, the last boat was just starting, when the captain happened to look up and saw General Grant on his horse, who had just galloped up to the edge of the bank.

The captain signalled the engineer to stop the boat, and then they threw out a plank. General Grant did not have a minute to lose, and the horse seemed to know this as well as his master. The bank was high and very steep but the horse put his front feet over the edge, gathered his hind legs under him and just slid down with General Grant on his back. When he got down to the bottom, he saw the plank, and trotted into the boat, although it was nothing but a single plank.

How well must the horse and General Grant have known each other! Such an act could not have been done unless each had perfect trust and confidence in the other. No one can tell how much we owe to that brave act of the horse, for if General Grant had been taken a prisoner or killed at that time, it might have changed the history of our country.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
“Wink,” said the mother;
“I wink,” said the one;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,

Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
“Swim,” said the mother ;
“We swim,” said the two ;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother blue-bird
And her little birdies three.
“Sing,” said the mother ;
“We sing,” said the three ;
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
“Dive,” said the mother ;
“We dive,” said the four ;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honey bee

Vultetron

IN THE MEADOW



And her little honeys five.
“Buzz,” said the mother;
“We buzz,” said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
“Caw,” said the mother;
“We caw,” said the six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“Chirp,” said the mother;
“We chirp,” said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.

“Bask,” said the mother;
“We bask,” said the eight;
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.

“Croak,” said the mother;
“We croak,” said the nine;
So they croaked and they splashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
“Spin,” said the mother;
“We spin,” said the ten;
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother fire-fly
And her little flies eleven.
“Shine,” said the mother;

"We shine," said the eleven;
So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil," said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve;
So they toiled, and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

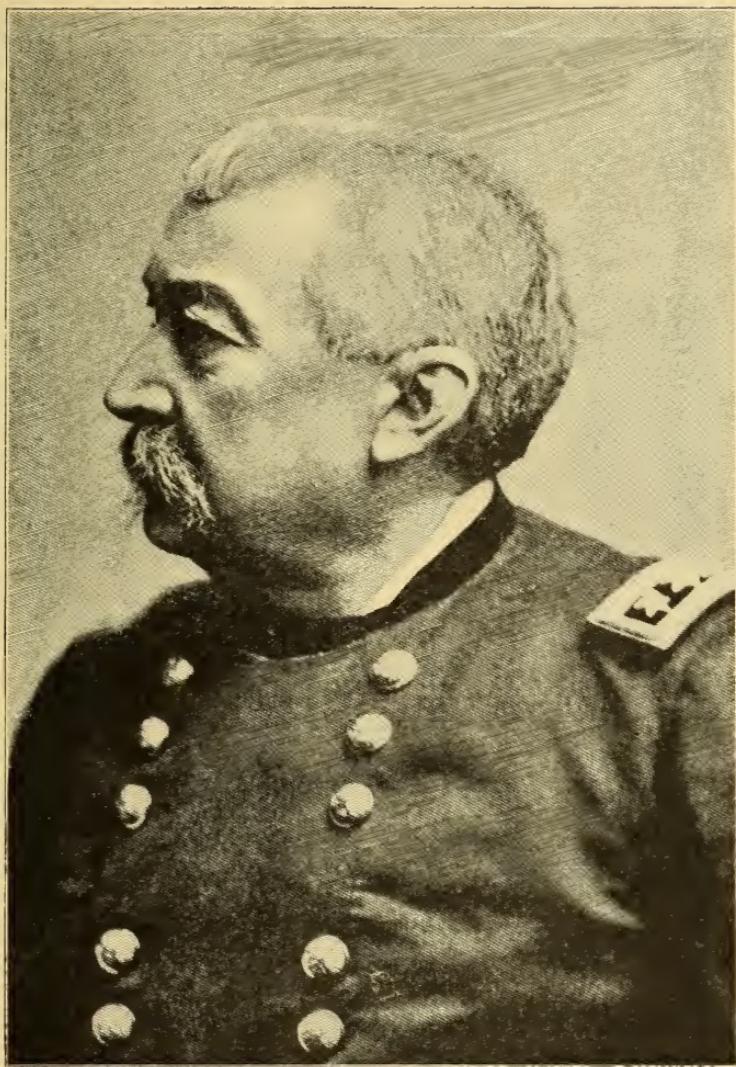
—*Olive A. Wadsworth.*

GENERAL SHERIDAN AND HIS HORSE.

General Phil. Sheridan was the most brilliant cavalry leader in the Union army during the Civil War. One of the most famous battles in which he took part was that which was immortalized by the poem entitled "Sheridan's Ride."

The brave horse that Sheridan rode in that battle, he rode in all the raids and battles in which he took part, until the end of the war. The horse was named "Black Horse," for he was as black as a crow, and at the time of "Sheridan's ride" was about five years old.

About eleven years after the war, General Sheridan wrote a letter to a friend of his, and said that the horse was then nineteen years old, and that he would be well taken care of as long as he



GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN

lived. The horse died when he was twenty-one years old, and his bones are kept in a glass case in a Museum near New York city, where often, on Memorial day, some of Sheridan's old soldiers go and place flowers on the case.

Although General Sheridan was a man of quick temper, yet he was kind and gentle to his horse, for he could control him by a few words, so that under fire, he was as cool and quiet as one of the General's old soldiers.

So the brave and dashing commander has left an example to all the boys in the country, and indeed to all the boys in the world, to be kind to animals.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
Till, the Lord knew when—it would all be right.
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—

Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—

“Ben Hazzard, open,” it seemed to say,

“Give shelter and food, I humbly pray.”

Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head

To listen. “ ‘Tis awful cold,” he said,

And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,

“But the wanderer must be comforted.”

Out from his straw he painfully crept,

And over the frosty floor he stepped,

While under the door the snow wreaths swept.

“Come in, in the name of the Lord,” he cried,

As he opened the door, and held it wide.

A milk-white kitten was all he spied.

Trembling and crying there at his feet,

Ready to die in the bitter sleet.

Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;

The candles were out in all the town;

The stout house-doors were carefully shut,

Safe bolted were all but old Ben’s hut.

“I thought that somebody called,” he said;

“Some dream or other got into my head;

Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed.”

But first he sought for a rusty cup,

And gave his guest a generous sup.

Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet,

Puss joyfully lay at old Ben’s feet;

Truly, it was a terrible storm,

Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgia pain
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed;"
But verily like a voice it seemed.
"Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-bone."
He went to the cupboard and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept.
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:

"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!"

Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard ;
But all that he saw was a storm tossed bird
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood-stain on its snowy breast.

"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben with a wondrous smile,
[The three guests sleeping all the while],
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,
The humblest creatures that sought thy door.
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.

*Behold the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: ‘Giving to them, thou hast given to me.’”*
Then, with heaven’s light on his face, “Amen !
I come in the name of the Lord,” said Ben.
“Frozen to death,” the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright ;
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben’s lips were silent, and never told
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

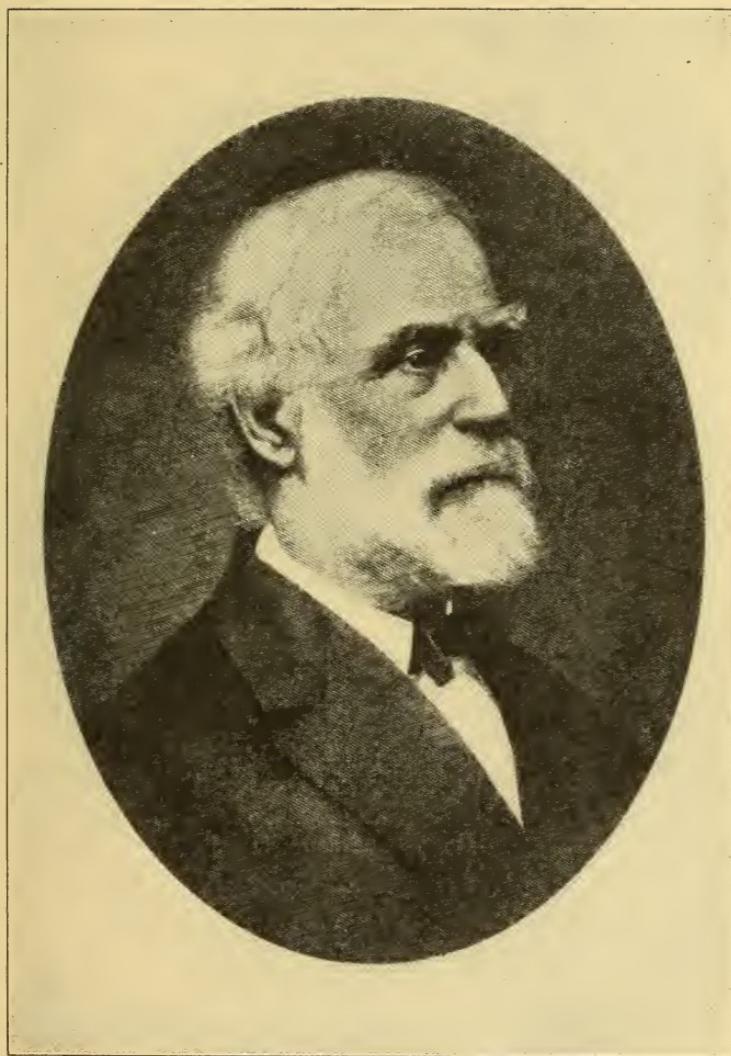
—Anna P. Marshall.

GENERAL LEE AND HIS HORSE “TRAVELER.”

General Robert E. Lee was the great leader of the Confederate army during the Civil War. He followed his duty as he saw it, and no one could have given his cause better service than he. He was handsome, gallant, and of such a kindly nature, that wherever he went, he made friends. A lady who knew him, said of him :

“Everybody and everything loves him—his family, his friends, his servants, his horses and his dog.”

He was intensely fond of animals. He was in the Mexican War and had with him a favorite dog named “Spec.” He wrote to his wife, “I am very solitary, and my only company is my dog and cats. But Spec has become so jealous now that he will hardly let me look at the cats. He seems to be afraid that I am going off from him, and never lets me stir without him; lies



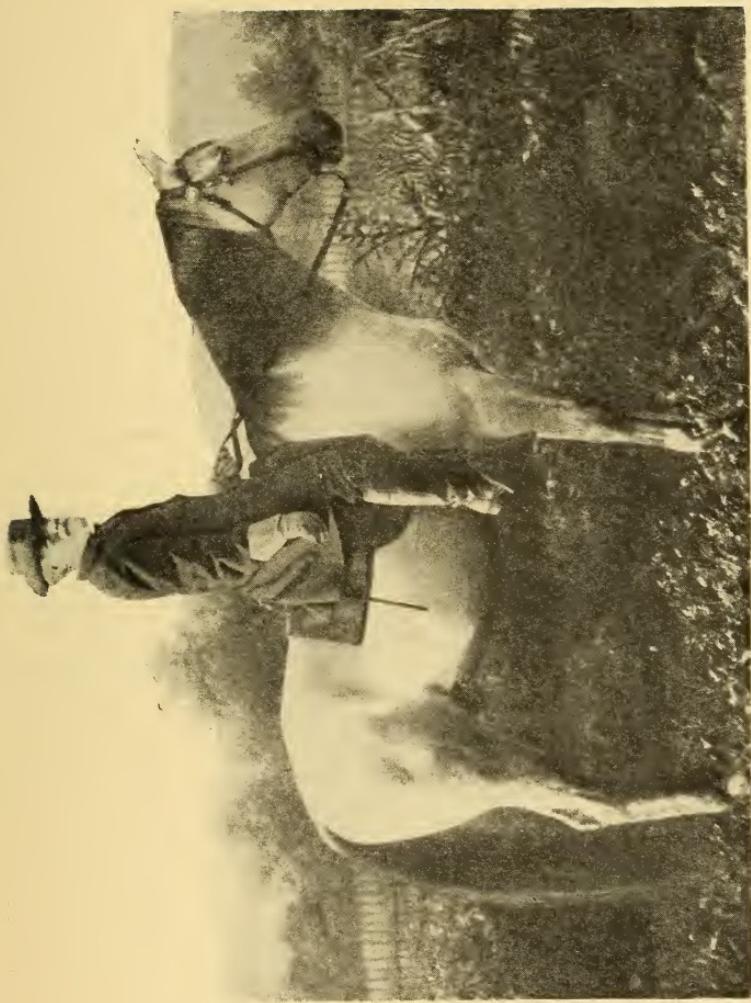
GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

down in the office from eight to four without moving, turns himself before the fire as the side from it becomes cold. I catch him sometimes sitting up looking at me so intently that I am for the moment startled."

"Grace Darling was a chestnut colored mare of fine size and great power, which came from Texas. She was with him during all the Mexican War and was shot seven times. General Lee was much attached to and proud of her, always petting and talking to her in an affectionate way when he rode or visited her in the stable."

He rode all through the Civil War a famous horse, named "Traveler," which after the war he described to his daughter, and the description showed that he had a nature capable of kindly affection and companionship for every creature around him.

This is how he described "Traveler" to his artist daughter:
"If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of 'Traveler,' representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could depict his worth, and describe his endurance of toils, hunger, thirst, heat, cold and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He would dilate upon his sagacity, affection and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he passed. But I am no artist, and can only say that he is a Confederate gray.



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON "TRAVELLER"
*By courtesy of
P. A. Munsey, N. Y.*

I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861 and he has been my patient follower ever since, to Georgia, the Carolinas and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battles around Richmond, the second Manasses, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign of 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James river. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-5 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, and Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox Court House.

"You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement."

General Lee had a great affection for this horse, which lived for six years after the close of the war.

Thus this brave man showed his affection for the dumb creatures whom he made his companions and friends.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
"He's singing to me; He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush kept singing,
"A nest do you see
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! Little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree
To you and to me, to you and to me.
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know, don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

—Lucy Larcom.



GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER

GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS HORSES.

I suppose almost every boy has heard or read something of General Custer, the great Indian fighter, who became so famous in the Union army during the Civil War. He was a commander of soldiers who ride horses, and are called cavalry.

Many of the soldiers became very fond of their horses, who shared their dangers and hardships. General Custer was one of the bravest officers in the army. He seemed to be fond of making dashing charges on the enemy as if he did not care for his life. But like most brave men, he had a kind heart.

After he died, his wife wrote a book called "Boots and Saddles," which you can read sometime, and which tells about what he did when he was in the army. This is what she says of her husband, General Custer: "With his own horses, he needed neither spur nor whip. They were such friends of his, and his voice seemed so attuned to their natures, they knew as well by its inflections, as by the slight pressure of the bridle on their necks what he wanted. By the merest inclination on the General's part, they either sped on the wings of the wind, or adapted their spirited steps to the slow movement of the march. It was a delight to see them together, they were so in unison, and when he talked to them, as though they had been human beings, their intelligent eyes seemed to reply.

"As an example of his horsemanship, he had a way of escaping from the stagnation of the dull march, when it was not dangerous to do so, by riding a short distance in advance of the column over a divide, throwing himself on one side of his horse, so as

to be entirely out of sight from the other direction, giving a signal that the animal understood and tearing off at the best speed that could be made. The horse entered into the frolic with all the zest of his master, and after the race the animal's beautiful distended nostrils glowed blood red as he tossed his head and danced with delight."

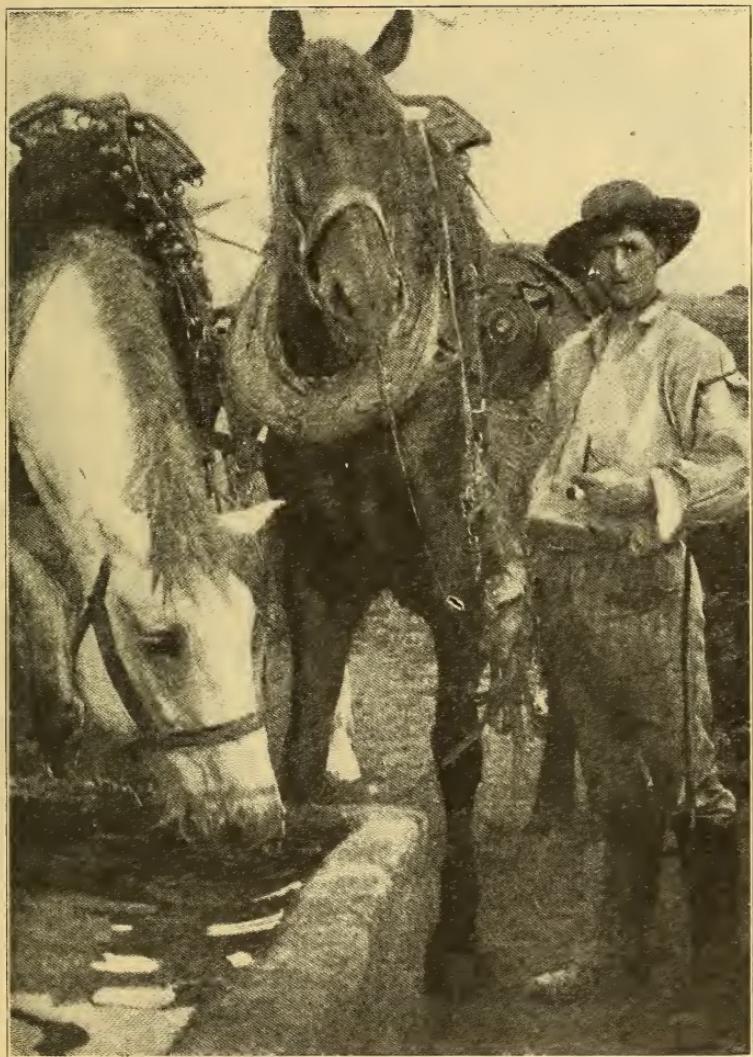
PRAYER FOR DUMB CREATURES.

Maker of earth, and sea, and sky,
Creation's Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And formed alike the sparrow's wing:
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they live, for us they die,
These humble creatures Thou hast made;
How shall we dare their rights deny,
On whom Thy seal of love is laid?
Teach Thou our hearts to hear their plea
As Thou dost man's prayer to Thee.

—*Prof. G. E. Goodrich,*

A distinguished professor in the University of Vermont.



THE WATERING TROUGH

*From painting by
Bouveret*

THE WATERING TROUGH.

The sun was scorching like the simoon's breath;
Tired horses toiled along the busy street;
Patient and faithful, with no goal but death,
With parching tongues, and weary, aching feet.

Dogs panted as they ran, and looked in vain
For cooling water, by which all things live;
What God sends freely in refreshing rain,
A Christian city had forgot to give.

"What can I do for good unto the least?"
A woman mused, that sultry afternoon:
"Water unto the thirsty, man and beast."
Whispered a voice, "would be the greatest boon."

A simple trough was made; beside it stood
A new tin cup that glistened in the sun;
A trifling act it seemed, and yet the good
Could not be measured when the year was done.

Day after day, from morning until night,
The thankful horses never passed it by;
To her who gave it, ever a delight;
For what is life, but constant ministry?

The trough will do its work for years to come;
The worn tin cup its blessed use will show;

Others will build for creatures poor and dumb;
Who helps the world has made his Heaven below.

—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

No other queen who ever lived exerted such an influence for good as this noble woman. As a daughter, wife and mother, she set an example to all the women of the world, which will not soon be forgotten.

When she was a little child, her tutor wrote of her: "She is very good-tempered and very affectionate, and almost cries at any little account of distress which her little books relate. She is much pleased with stories of kindness to animals, and shows the marks of a tender disposition."

A little later when she was a small girl, she was once standing at one of the front windows of Kensington Palace, when she noticed some distance away an old man standing under one of the trees, being soaked with rain. She said to her attendant:

"Run to that poor man with an umbrella; he is very old, and will catch cold."

This was a little thing to do, but it showed how her kindly nature went out, not only to sympathize with, but to help those in need.

When she became queen, and was burdened with incessant care and labor, she did not forget those who were poor and unfortunate. She visited the families of those in her service, and at Christmas time she gathered the aged and infirm together



QUEEN VICTORIA

and gave each a present from her own hands. She had sometimes as many as three hundred servants and they all received Christmas presents from her.

It is not strange that she was kind to animals. When she took her walks, she always had two or three dogs with her. Among her favorite dogs were Scotch collies, German Badger-hounds, Scotch terriers, Russian sheep dogs, Italian spitzes, pug dogs and English terriers. She had beautiful horses, and they had the best of care. She would not allow them to be high checked, nor their eyes injured by blinders.

The first Society to promote kindness to animals was begun in England in 1832. By command of the Queen the Society was called "The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Queen Victoria was a member for sixty years, and was always ready to assist it by her counsel, influence and gifts. Her example caused some of the richest and most honored men and women in England to take an active interest in the Society and its work. This noble woman set a fine example to all the women of her country and indeed of the world to be kind and helpful to all who need help, whether man or beast.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The pretty little butterfly
We know by God was made;
And spots and streaks of various dye
Upon his wings are laid.

He made those wings and it can rise
Far, far above my head;
And he has taught it how to know
On what it may be fed.

Not all the men in all the world
Can make one if they try;
The power belongs to God alone
To form a butterfly.

Then surely I should never dare
To be unkind at all;
Nor hurt whatever God has made
Although it be but small.

—*Author Unknown.*



QUEEN ALEXANDRA

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND MR. AND MRS. ROOSEVELT.

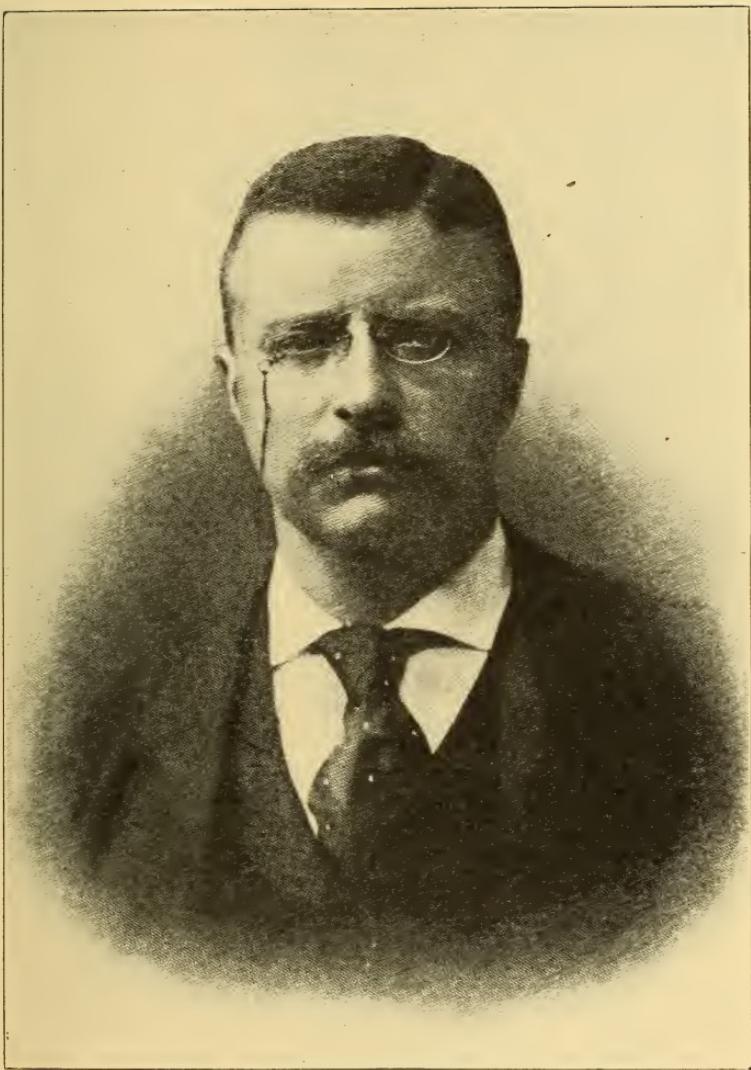
The most costly feathers which some ladies like to wear on their hats are called "egrets," and are taken from a beautiful bird called the white heron, which is found in South America, Florida and other warm countries. These egrets are taken from the mother birds while they are caring for their young ones, and when they are killed the young birds starve to death.

At one feather sale in London in 1906, it is said there were 72,000 of these egrets offered for sale, which means that 72,000 mother birds were killed, and 72,000 nests destroyed, which would probably average at least three birds each, thus causing the death of 216,000 young birds to furnish feathers for that single sale.

Queen Alexandra of England will not wear these egrets herself, and says that she will do all in her power to discourage the cruelty practiced on those beautiful birds.

Mr. Roosevelt wrote as follows to the president of the Audubon Society: "Mrs. Roosevelt and myself sympathize particularly in your efforts to stop the sale and use of the so-called 'egrets,' the plumes of the white herons."

Should we not do all we can to follow the example of these illustrious people to stop such terrible cruelty to the poor birds?



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FOUR DOGS.

There were four dogs one summer day
Went out for a morning walk.
And as they journeyed upon their way
They began to laugh and talk.

Said dog No. 1, "I really think
My master is very wise;
For he builds great houses, tall and grand,
That reach clear up to the skies."

Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone,
"Ho! Ho! That's wonderful—yes!
But listen to me! My master writes books,
He's sold a million, I guess."

Then dog No. 3 tossed his curly head
And gave a sly little wink.
"That's nothing to tell! My master is rich,
He owns half the world, I think!"

The fourth little dog had been trotting along
With a wise, reflective mind.
At last, he said, with a happy smile,
"My master—he is kind!"

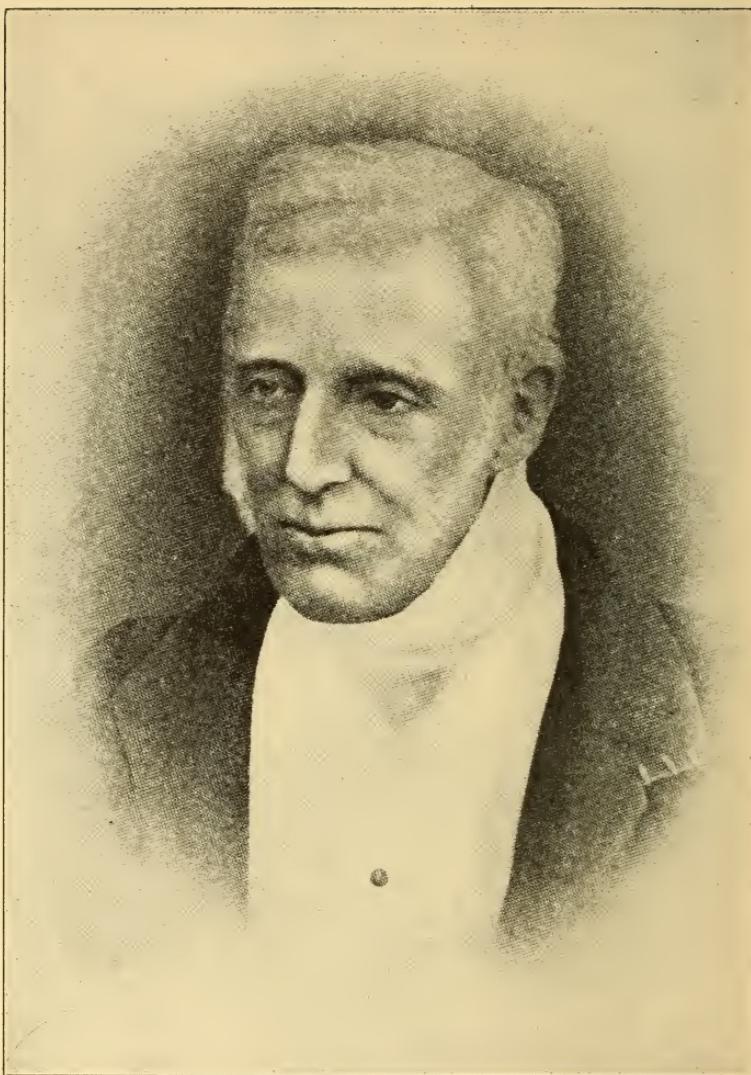
Now if your opinion should be asked,
I wonder what you would say—
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
To his master on that day?

—Alice J. Cleator in *Pets and Animals*.

THE DUKE, THE BOY AND THE TOAD.

The Duke of Wellington was one of the most famous soldiers who ever lived. He was called the “Iron Duke” because it seemed as if nothing could make him afraid, or cause his heart to quail, no matter what dangers surrounded him. It was the great life purpose of Napoleon Bonaparte to cross the narrow channel which divides France and England, and to invade England with his armies and to conquer it. But the Duke of Wellington on land with his army, and Lord Nelson (until his death) on the water with his battleships, were in the way. Finally in the battle of Waterloo, in the year 1815, the great French Emperor met his defeat and was sent as a prisoner to the lonely island of St. Helena to spend the rest of his life in exile.

The Duke was walking out alone one day when he met a little boy crying bitterly. He stopped and asked him what he was crying about. The boy said he was going to be sent away to school the next day, and said he had a pet toad, and when he went away there would be no one to take care of it. The great Duke told the little fellow to dry his tears, for he would take

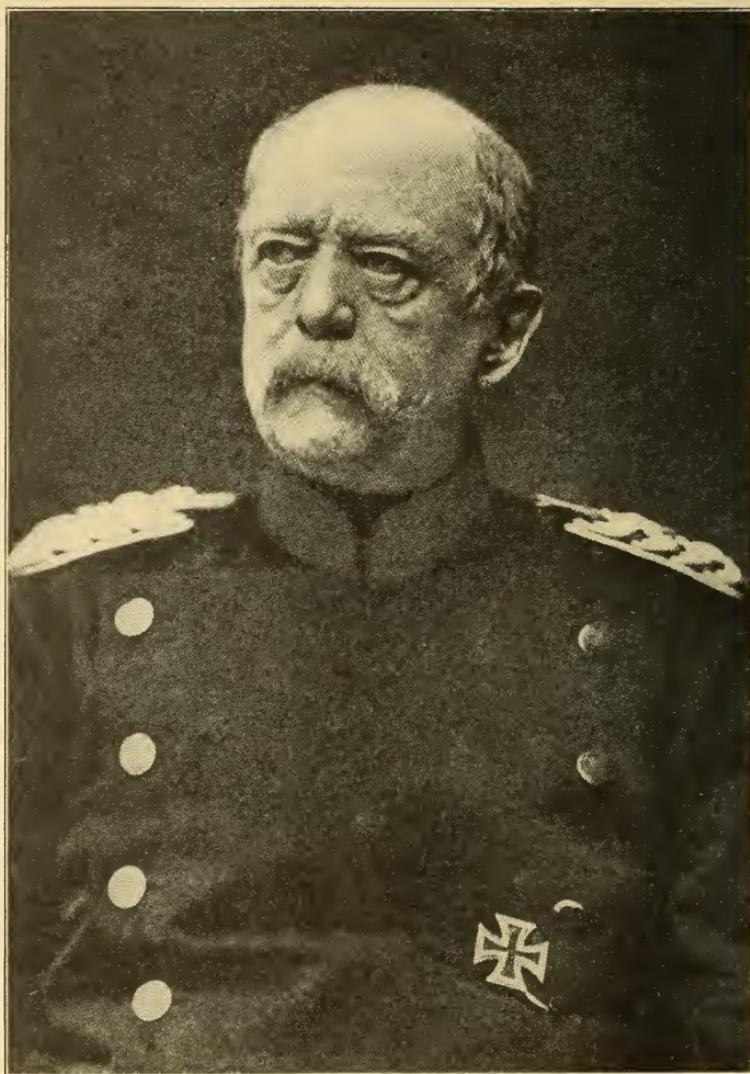


DUKE OF WELLINGTON

care of the toad. Sure enough, the boy took the toad to the Duke's grand residence, and it was carefully looked after. The Duke wrote letters to the little boy telling him about the toad. Such was the kindness of heart of this great man that he could not only take the time and trouble to remove a load of sorrow from the heart of a little boy, but he could also show kindness to a despised toad. What an example for all of us to be kind and obliging to all about us.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge



PRINCE BISMARCK

PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS DOGS.

Prince Bismarck was a celebrated German statesman. He might be called the maker of the great German Empire, which is now one of the most powerful nations in the world.

He was the means of uniting a number of small countries into one, and thus making a united Germany. All Germans may well be proud of what he did for their country. This great man was sometimes called the man of iron because he was so stern and hard to bend, but for all that he had a kind and tender heart. He was one of the kindest of men to his wife and children, and he always had a tender place in his heart for dogs. It seemed as if he could not live without them, for when he was a student in college, he took an immense dog with him.

Once when he had done something against the rules of the college, he was called before the teacher for correction, and his great dog went into the room with him. The teacher was so startled at the sight of the immense dog that he got behind a chair and would do nothing until the dog was taken out of the room.

All through his life Prince Bismarck had his dogs. Wherever he went they went with him. They shared his walks, his rides, his business hours, and his meals; and they kept guard at his bedroom at night. We need not say that he loved them and treated them kindly; in fact, he made them his friends.



THE HORSEBACK RIDE

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,
When its fruits, turned to *ashes*, are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents or sympathy's tear.

No pity I ask, and no counsel I need.
But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant young steed,
With his high arched neck, and his nostril spread wide,
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength to my spirit returneth again!

The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind ;
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown !
What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the night of his strength may command !

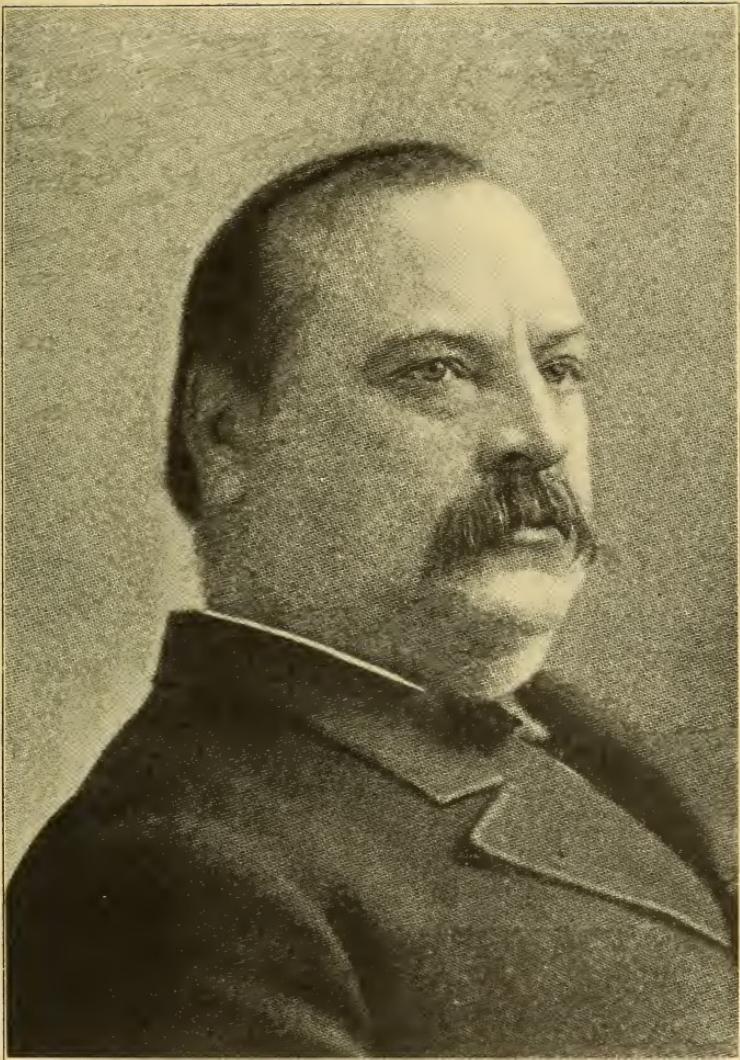
What a glorious creature ! Ah ! glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow ;
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud stately play !

Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!

Ho! a ditch!—shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare,
Like a swift wingèd arrow we rush through the air!
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the 'wilderling waltz in the ballroom's blaze,
Not the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

—*Sara Jane Lippencott* (Grace Greenwood).

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak,
and the deaf can understand.



GROVER CLEVELAND

GROVER CLEVELAND AND THE FAWN.

Grover Cleveland was twice elected President of the United States. Before that he was Governor of the great state of New York. While he was Governor he once spent his summer vacation in a beautiful hotel situated on a little lake in the Adirondack Mountains. The country was very wild and the woods were full of game, and many of the men stopping at the hotel were fond of hunting. One day some of these men were out on the lake in a boat when a beautiful little fawn, which had been separated from its mother in some way, came down to the lake and ran in the water and began to swim. The men in the boat rowed until they got between the fawn and the shore, and then they chased it and soon overtook it.

They caught it and pulled it into the boat, but the poor creature struggled so hard that it slipped away from them into the water and tried to escape. But the men followed it again and caught it, and carried it alive to the hotel, and said they were going to kill it and have it served on the table. But when the ladies of the hotel saw the soft, pleading eyes of the beautiful creature, trembling for its life, they took pity on it and asked that it be given its freedom. The men would not consent, but it was finally agreed that the question whether the fawn should be left loose should be left to a court to decide.

Then a judge was selected and some one appointed to plead for the fawn, and another to take the side against him. The speeches were made on both sides and the question was submitted to the judge. He decided that it should die and sentence

was passed. But the ladies were more determined than ever to save the fawn's life, and it was at last decided to refer the matter to Governor Cleveland, and let him decide whether the fawn should die or have a pardon. You know the Governor of a state has the right to pardon those who have been found guilty of doing some wrong thing, if he sees fit. Governor Cleveland granted a pardon to the fawn and it was let loose, and the little creature bounded away back again into the woods. Did not this show that Governor Cleveland had a kind heart?

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

—*Wordsworth.*



THE DEER FAMILY

Landseer



THE SICK MONKEY

*From painting by
Landseer*

THE TRAVELING MONKEY.

My master grinds an organ
And I pick up his money,
And when you see me doing it
You call it very funny

But though I dance and caper, still
I feel at heart forlorn,
I wish I were in monkey-land,
The place where I was born.

There grows the great green cocoanuts
Around the palm tree's crown :
I used to climb and pick them off,
And hear them—crack!—come down.

There all day long the purple figs
Are dropping from the bough ;
There hang the ripe bananas, oh,
I wish I had some now.

I'd feast, and feast, and feast, and feast,
And you should have a share.
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land
Oh, would that I were there.

On some tall tree top's highest bough,
So high the clouds would sail

Just over me, I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail.

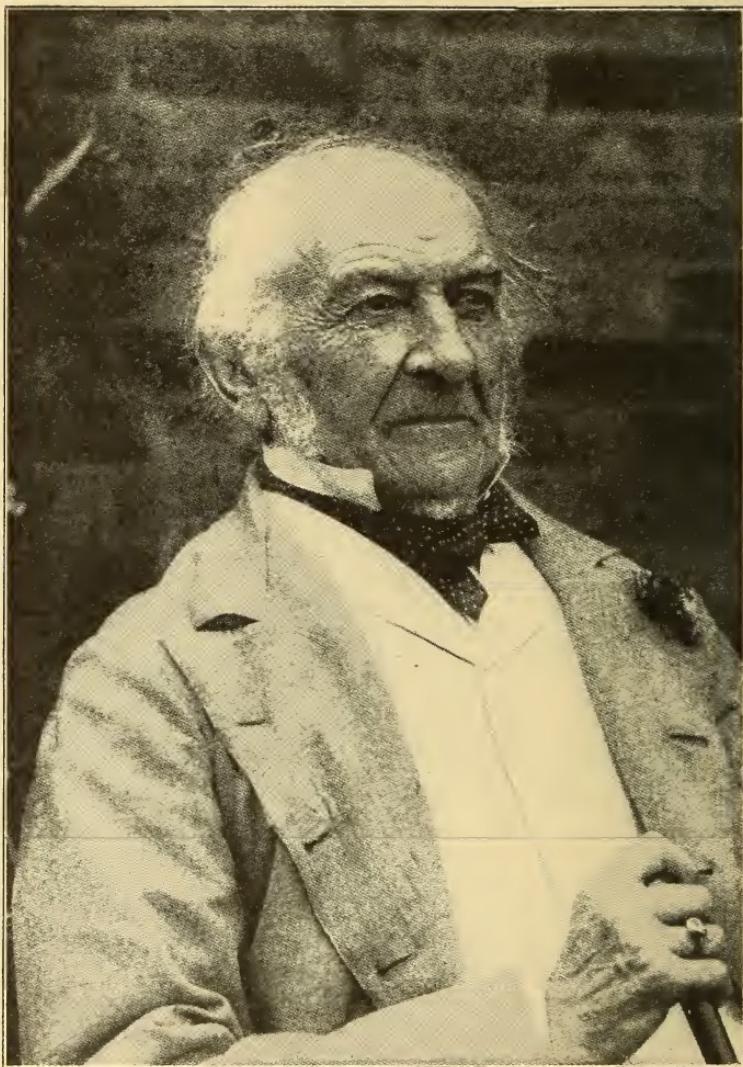
I'd swing, and swing, and swing, and swing,
How merry that would be.
But, oh, a traveling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

—*Marion Douglass.*

GLADSTONE'S PET.

When you grow older you will hear and read about William E. Gladstone, the world-famous English statesman and scholar. Like many other great men, Mr. Gladstone was very fond of pets and very kind to them. Once he was visiting friends in Germany and while there a little black dog named Petz became so much attached to him that he seemed to think that all that Mr. Gladstone went to Germany for was to play with him. Before Mr. Gladstone rose in the morning the little dog would lie before the door of his room, waiting for him to come out and take a walk. Then Petz was perfectly happy, for Mr. Gladstone would throw his cane as far as he could and Petz would run for it and bring it back to him. They would keep this up until it seemed as if they both would be tired out.

After awhile it was time for Mr. Gladstone to go back to his home in England, for he had a very important office, and was a



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

very busy man. But he thought so much of the little black dog that he wanted to take him along, and so he arranged with his friends and Petz went with him to England. Mr. Gladstone lived in a grand house called Hawarden Castle, and there Petz became one of the family. Mr. Gladstone was fond of chopping down trees for exercise, as he thought it made him strong and healthy.

Of course he could not go out without Petz, who would be watching and waiting for his master. When Mr. Gladstone would chop a tree, and the chips would fly about, Petz would jump for them and then bring them in his mouth and lay them at his master's feet, wanting him to throw them as far as he could, so that he could chase them and bring them back.

An illustrious example of the affection for animals which many great and wise men possess.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea—
Among the winds at play;

Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;

Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

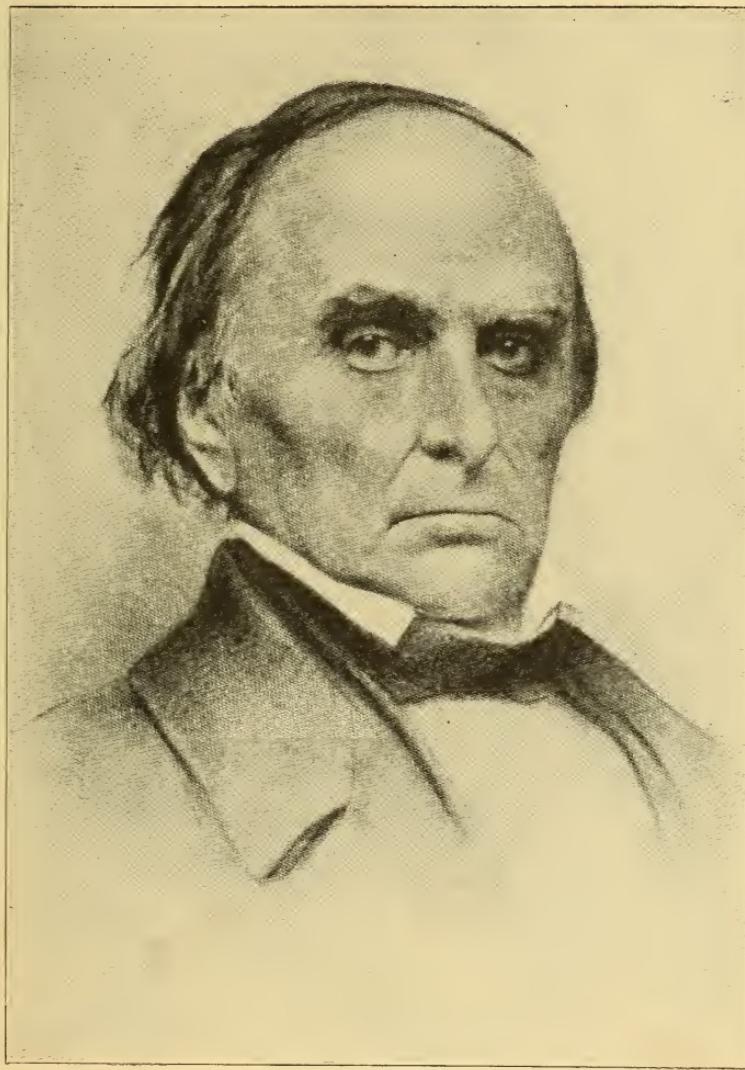
—*British Weekly.*

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE WOOD-CHUCK.

Daniel Webster was one of the most gifted orators and statesmen that our country has produced.

Like many other remarkable men, he loved animals. When he grew old, he seemed never so happy as when he was among his cattle on his farm. When he lay in his bed a little while before he died, he wanted his oxen brought before the window, so that he could see them once more for the last time.

Daniel Webster's father had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary war, and after the war closed, settled on a farm in the state of New Hampshire, where he brought up his family. Daniel had a brother named Ezekiel, whom they called "Zeke." One day Zeke caught a wood-chuck, and brought it home, intending to kill it. When Daniel saw the bright black eyes of



DANIEL WEBSTER

the little animal, which seemed to ask him to take its part, his heart was filled with a great pity. He talked with his brother and tried to persuade him not to kill it. The two brothers could not agree. They asked their father what he thought about it.

Their father said that Zeke should give his reasons why he thought the wood-chuck should be killed, and Daniel should give his reasons why it should be let loose. The father said he would be the judge and decide which reasons were the strongest. Zeke then said the wood-chuck stole his living from the clover field and cabbage patch, that his skin was valuable and could be used to make warm winter caps, that he was of no use to the world and ought to be killed.

Daniel then gave his reasons why the wood-chuck should be allowed to live. He said that life was God-given, and that we had no right to take it, even from a wood-chuck, unless we were obliged to; and he made such a strong appeal to save the wood-chuck's life that his father's heart was touched, and when Daniel got through the tears were rolling down his father's cheeks, and he said:

"Zeke, Zeke, let that wood-chuck go."

In those days there were no Bands of Mercy, but if there had been, Daniel would have been one of the first to join.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary!
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know.
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise:
Bright yellow crocus! Come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantels of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! springtime is here!

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

DANIEL BOONE AND HIS DOGS.

About one hundred years ago a large part of our country was an unbroken wilderness, full of wild beasts and savage Indians. You can imagine how difficult and dangerous it was for men to go into such a country and try to make homes. And yet there were bold hunters who were willing to risk their lives and endure terrible hardships in order to make the country safe for settlers who should come after them with their families.

Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, was one of the most famous of these, and it would fill many books if all his adventures were written out. He went into the wilderness alone with his dogs, for even there, men must have some company, and the only companions they could take were their dogs. These dogs would help them hunt for food, and they seemed to know where the Indians were a great deal better than their masters.

A writer has said: "We little think how much we owe to dogs in the settlement of our country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the dog has driven back the wolf, the bear, the fox and the panther, to make way for the sheep, the cow and the horse. The dog will go everywhere where man goes, to hunt for him, fight for him and cheer him in his hours of discouragement. Many animals show a certain degree of affection for men, but the dogs more than all, for they will often give their lives to save the lives of their masters."

Let us show kindness and affection to these faithful animals.

THE ARAB AND HIS FAVORITE STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof,—snuff not the breezy wind,—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein,—thy master hath his gold,—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed,
thou'rt sold.

Ah! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each starting
vein.

Will they ill-use? If I thought—but no, it cannot be,—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart shall
yearn,—

Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to
return?

Return! alas! My Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wast all his joy, has vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gath-
ering years

Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary steps alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne
me on;

And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink!"

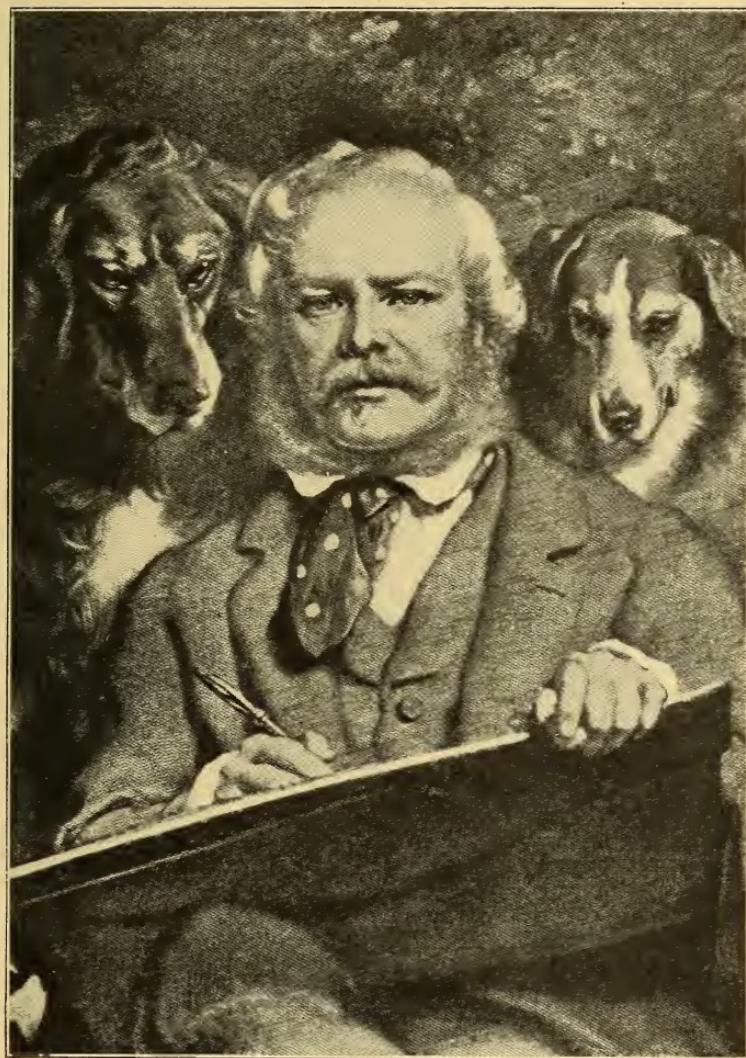
When last I saw thee drink!—Away!—the fevered dream is
o'er—

I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is
strong,—

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said I have given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false,—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their
gold!

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

—Caroline E. Norton.



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Sir Edwin Landseer was an English artist who became very famous as a painter of animals. His father was an artist and engraver, and soon as he found out that his little son liked to draw pictures, he encouraged him to do it. When the little boy was only five years old, he drew the picture of a fox-hound from life, and it was such a good picture that it is now kept in South Kensington Museum, in London, to be shown to visitors. When he was ten years old he drew a beautiful picture of a "Brown Mastiff Sleeping," and this picture was so fine that it afterwards sold for three hundred and fifty dollars.

He was very quick at his work and this is why he was able to paint so many great pictures, which are amongst the finest in the world. He painted a splendid picture of a bloodhound in twelve hours, and another picture of rabbits in three-quarters of an hour. He could draw with both hands at once.

You may be sure that he was very fond of animals, and especially of dogs, and wherever he went he had a troop of dogs with him.

He was a favorite everywhere, from the palace of Queen Victoria to the humble cottage. He could tell animal stories by the hour, and was so kind and pleasant to all about him that he made the world brighter wherever he went.

During his last illness his dog was with him nearly all the time. At one time, when a friend called to see him, he hugged his dog and said to him: "No one can love me as thou dost."

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with the ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows ;
They gathered the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

Those who toil bravely are strongest ;
The humble and poor become great ;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesmen,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*Mary H. Krout.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND THE ROBINS.

James Russell Lowell has taken his place as one of the foremost poets of America. He was not only a great poet, but one of the finest gentlemen America ever produced, and our country felt herself honored when she sent him to represent her as Minister to England.

But this great and learned man, like nearly all others, had a kind and tender heart, and not only *talked kindness*, but was ever ready to help the smallest and humblest of God's creatures, by getting them out of trouble.

When he was professor of literature in Harvard College, he lived in a beautiful mansion in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and this elegant home was surrounded by large, graceful trees. Once he happened to notice a nest of robins high up in one of the trees and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full grown wings, whenever he would go near it. The old birds guarded the nest and seemed very much excited when he came too near.

But at last he ascended the tree by a ladder, in spite of the old birds who wanted him to keep away, and then he soon found out what was the matter. The old birds when building the nest had found a long piece of string, which they wove into the nest loosely, and three of the young birds had got entangled in it, and when they became full grown they were not able to get loose.

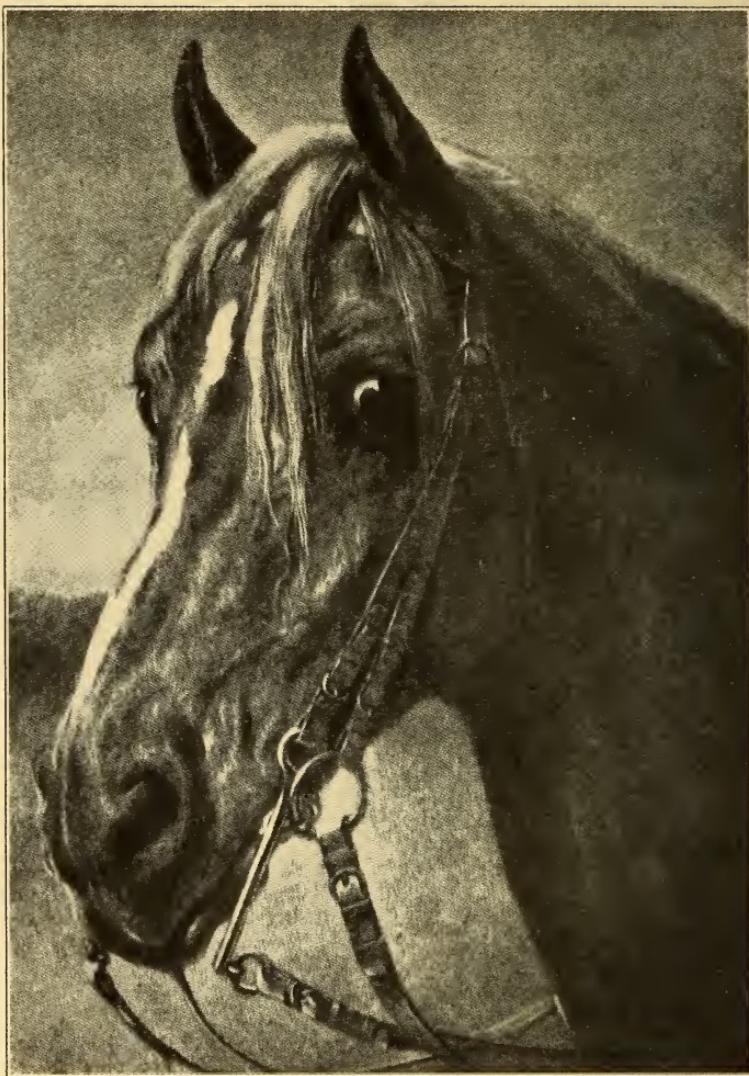
One was not hurt very much, another had twisted the string so tightly that one foot was curled up and had become paralyzed, so that it could not use it. The other was suffering so badly, because

the string had worn through the flesh, that Mr. Lowell thought the kindest thing he could do was to kill it and put it out of misery. This he did, hurting it as little as possible. He took out his knife and cut the string, and then the old birds seemed to understand what he was doing and stopped their cries and threats, and perched so near him that he could have touched them with his hands, all the time watching him to see what he would do.

The young birds were so frightened that it took him some time to get them free from the tangle, but at last one of them flew away to a tree that was near. The other, with only one good leg, jumped from the nest and spread its wings out and tumbled to the ground without hurting itself very much. It hopped away on one leg, the old birds being near and ready to help it all they could. In about a week Mr. Lowell saw the one-legged robin again in good spirits and able to balance itself with the lame foot, and no doubt in time it got well.

Is not that a beautiful picture of a great poet and scholar, whom all the world delighted to honor, getting to the top of a high tree to set free some young struggling robins from their prison? When you read his poetry you can remember his kind heart and gentle nature.

—*Adapted from "Our Dumb Animals."*



MY HORSE

*From painting by
Rosa Bonheur*

TO MY HORSE.

With a glancing eye and curving mane
He neighs and champs on the bridle-rein :
One spring, and his saddled back I press,
And ours is a common happiness !

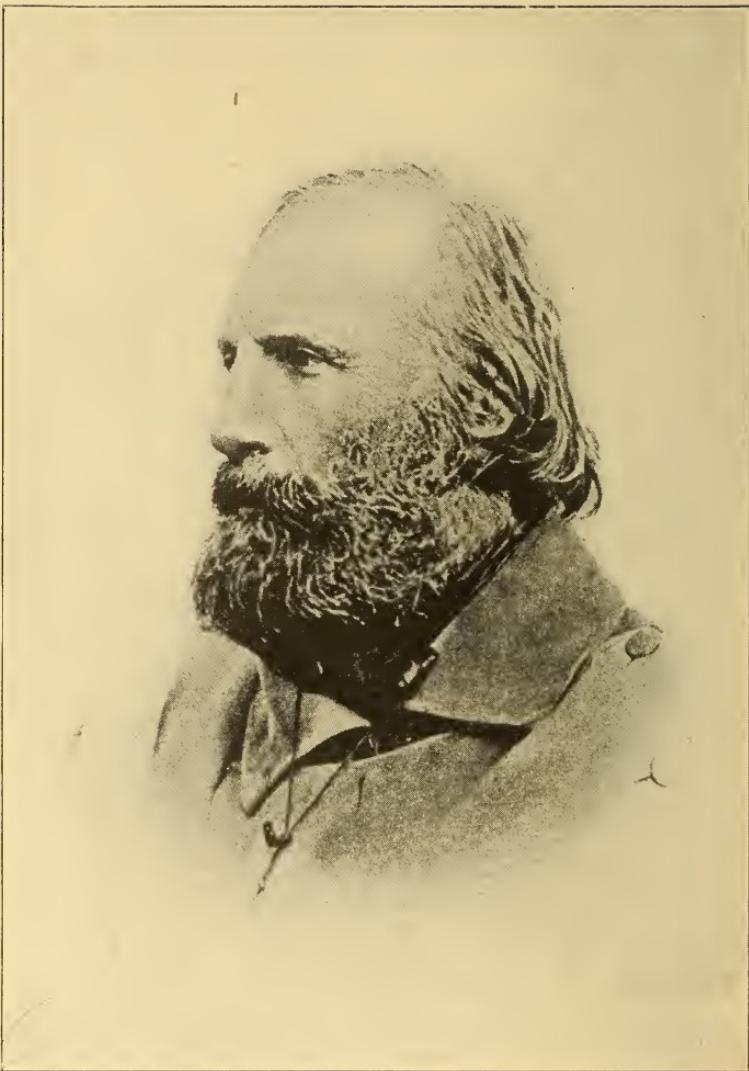
Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now ?
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
And the dizzy earth seems rushing by,
And naught is at rest but the arching sky :

And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song !
There is life in the breeze as we hasten on ;
With each bound some care of earth has gone.

Bound proudly, my steed, nor bound proudly in vain,
Since thy master is now himself again.
And thine be the praise when the leech's power
Is idle, to conquer the darkened hour.

By the might of the sounding hoof to win
Beauty without and joy within :
Beauty also to my eyes unseen,
And joy, that till then had a stranger been.

—*Selected.*



GARIBALDI

GARIBALDI AND THE DROWNING WOMAN.

In Italy, a group of men were standing on a dock when by accident a woman fell into the water. None of the men dared to risk their lives in an attempt to save her, and in a few moments she would have drowned.

Just at this time a boy came up and sprang into the water like a flash, then he got hold of the woman and kept her from going down until stronger arms got hold of her and she was saved. The boy was pulled out of the water, too, and did not seem to have received any harm from his brave act.

Everybody wondered how he could be so quick and daring, as to risk his life to save a woman he had never seen before. The reason was that the instinct of kindness was born with him, and was shewn in all his after life.

The boy's name was Garibaldi, and he became afterward one of the heroes of the world, and the liberator of his people from wrong and oppression. Italy had been ruled for hundreds of years by cruel men, who cared only for themselves.

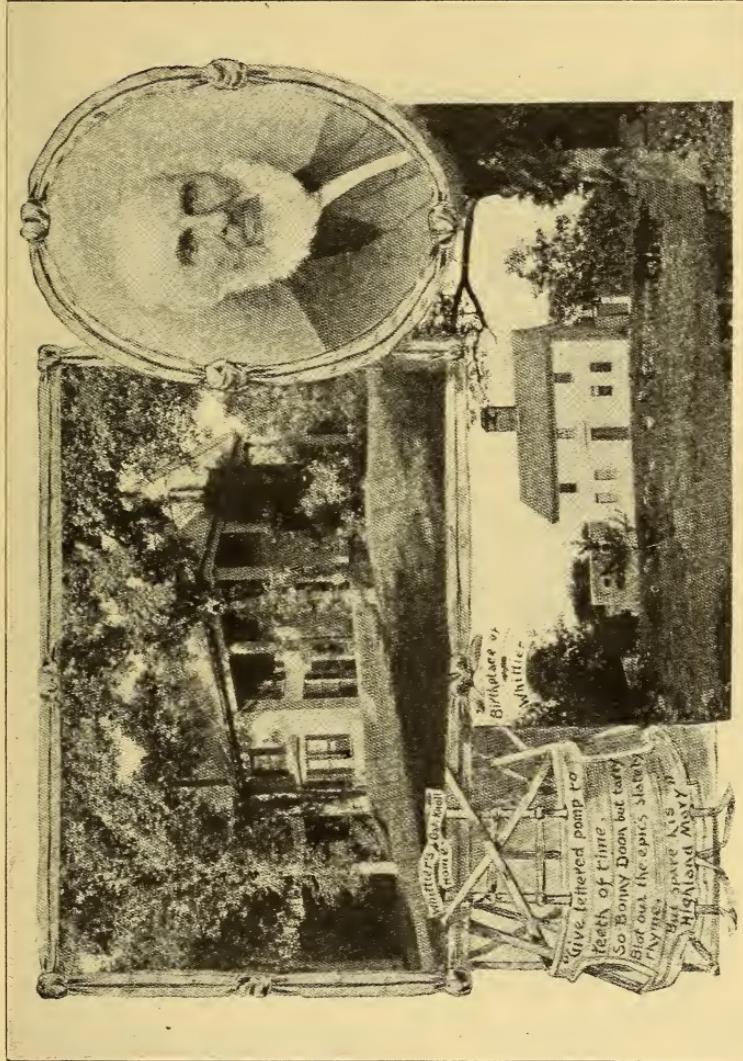
Most of the people were so poor that they could scarcely live, and the taxes were so heavy that it took from them almost their last penny. The people had endured this from generation to generation because no leader was bold enough to rise up against it until Garibaldi came.

When he became a man he had the same spirit which prompted him when a boy to risk his life to save the woman; and he determined to devote his life to the freeing of his country from oppression. He found a few brave men who felt as he

did, and he became the leader of a little band who were willing to die, if need be, for their country. To tell what dangers they faced, and what wonderful escapes they had, would take days and days. It seemed as if God saved their lives time and again, for every effort was made to catch and kill them.

They had scarcely any money to buy supplies of food, clothing and ammunition. Often they could not get enough to eat, and they suffered greatly from cold. They had no uniforms save that all who could, wore red flannel shirts; but the daring Garibaldi moved about so quickly, and made so many attacks on the enemy, that at last after many years of terrible struggle he was victorious and became the liberator of his country.

He was ready to give his life for others, and in that he set us a fine example. We shall never be called upon to do what he did, but we can have the same spirit of helpfulness that he showed all his life.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER AND HIS HOME

WHITTIER AND HIS PETS.

John Greenleaf Whittier is one of the choicest poets of America. The boys especially ought to love him, for one of his best poems is entitled, "The Barefoot Boy."

Mr. Whittier was born on a farm in Massachusetts, and like other farmers' boys, he did the chores and worked hard on the farm, early and late.

In those days oxen were often used instead of horses; and the oxen with which young Whittier worked, became his pets. They were so tame and gentle that he used to sit on their heads with his legs hanging over their faces, and then throw himself back on their horns and take a rest.

One day he took a bag of salt to give to the cattle and they liked the salt so much that they became very crazy to get it. At this time one big ox ran towards him so fast that he could not stop himself before knocking the boy down, so he gave a big leap and jumped over young Whittier's head and probably saved his life in doing so.

When Whittier became a man, he was fonder of pets than ever. One day his gardener brought him a squirrel he had caught. Mr. Whittier got him a nice cage and it was not long before the squirrel was jumping all about the room. It would run up Mr. Whittier's back and perch upon his coat collar, and look into all his pockets to find nuts, and you may be sure that he always found some.

When Mr. Whittier would take a nap on his couch in the

day time, the squirrel would jump up and gnaw the buttons off his coat.

Mr. Whittier also had a pet mocking bird which he called David. This bird was a fine singer, and Mr. Whittier was never tired of listening to his melody. The favorite perch of this bird was on the top of the poet's head, but he did not mind that, for he liked David so well that he was quite willing to let him sit where he pleased.

Then he always had a number of cats and dogs, and was fond of teaching them tricks. But you could never guess what other pet he had. It was a little bantam rooster, which was often seen perched on the poet's shoulders, and which liked to be buttoned up inside his overcoat.

He also had a dog which he named "Robin Adair," after a beautiful song. Once a famous singer called on him, and he asked her to sing for him. She went to the piano and began to sing "Robin Adair." The dog was in another room, but when he heard his name in the song, he went to the singer and sat down at her side. When she had finished he placed his paw in her hand and licked her cheek. As long as she was there he was with her, indoors and out, and when she went away he carried her bag in his mouth to the gate, and seemed distressed to have her go.

And so in many ways this delightful poet showed his kind and gentle nature by the love he had for these dumb creatures, whom he made his companions and friends.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy.

Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood:
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grapes clusters shine.
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans:
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks.
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowning years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,

Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward.
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground :
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE FAMILY HORSE.

At Duxbury, Massachusetts, which is not very far from Plymouth Rock, may be seen on the seashore, a brick monument eight feet high, surmounted by a large wooden ball. On the side facing the sea is a slate on which this inscription is carved :

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.”

Here lies buried
Honest Dick,
Who
Faithfully served three generations.

This noble horse was born upon Powder Point,
A. D. 1817.

Here lived and here died,
A. D. 1846.

What words can describe the services of such a faithful creature? What money could repay them? To funerals, weddings, picnics, parties, school, market, year after year, through mud and sleet and snow and dust, until age compelled the tired body to enter on its long final rest.

And this brief history could be multiplied by thousands of families, all over the land, who have enjoyed the same faithful service, but are more forgetful of its inestimable value.

DAME DUCK'S FIRST LECTURE.

Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings small and callow;
Their little wings are short; their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest
Of straw and leaves and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,

Until the ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back;
“That’s very rude,” said old Dame Duck;
“Get off! quack, quack, quack!”

“ ‘Tis close,” said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg shells with her bill;
“Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still.”

So rising from her nest, she said,
“Now, children, look at me;
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d’ye see?”

“Yes,” said the little ones; and then
She went on to explain:
“A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do—try again.”

“Yes,” said the ducklings, waddling on;
“That’s better,” said their mother;
“But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight—one behind another.”

“Yes,” said the little ducks again.

All waddling in a row:

“Now to the pond,” said old Dame Duck—

Splash, splash, and in they go.

“Let me swim first,” said old Dame Duck,

“To this side—now to that;

There! snap at those great brown-winged flies,

They make young ducklings fat.

“Now when you reach the poultry yard,

The hen-wife, Molly Head,

Will feed you with the other fowls,

On bran and mashed-up bread;

“The hens will peck and fight, but mind,

I hope that all of you

Will gobble up the food as fast

As well-bred ducks should do.

“You’d better get into the dish,

Unless it is too small;

In that case I should use my foot,

And overturn it all.”

The ducklings did as they were bid,

And found the plan so good,

That from that day, the other fowls

Got scarcely any food.

—*Aunt Effie’s Rhymes.*



ALEXANDER DUMAS

ALEXANDER DUMAS AND HIS PETS.

Alexander Dumas was a famous French writer of stories. He wrote several books which pleased the people so much that they had a very large sale, that made him very rich. He had a fine estate in the country, which he named "Monte Cristo," after one of his books. He liked company and loved to have people visit him from all parts of the world.

He was very fond of pets and had some of the strangest that you can imagine. Amongst them was an African vulture, a big parrot, a pheasant, a rooster, an Angora cat and a very intelligent Scotch pointer dog. All of these had big names, which their master had taught them to know.

The dog, like his master, also loved company; and he would sit out in the road, looking out for passing dogs, which he would take to the house, and he kept this up until there were thirteen dogs. The gardener then complained to his master, and asked him whether he should not whip twelve of the dogs and send them away. Mr. Dumas said:

"You see, when the good God gives us riches, a fine house and position, he also imposes charges upon us. Since the dogs, which after all are His creatures, too, are in the house, I prefer that they stay."

Was that not a fine spirit which this generous man showed when he let even the dogs share his prosperity?

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE BROTHERS.

(The good St. Francis of Assisi called all animals his "little brothers and sisters.")

We are the little brothers, homeless in cold and heat,
Four-footed little beggars, roaming the city street.

Snatching a bone from the gutter, creeping through alleys drear.
Stoned and sworn at, and beaten, our hearts consumed with fear.

You pride yourselves on the beauty of your city, fair and free.
Yet we are dying by thousands in courts you never see.

You boast of your mental progress, of your libraries, schools and
halls,
But we, who are dumb, denounce you, as we crouch beneath their
walls.

You sit in your tinsel playhouse, and weep o'er a mimic
wrong;
Our woes are the woes of the voiceless, our griefs are unheeded
in song.

You say that the same God made us. When before His throne
you come,
Shall you clear yourselves in His presence on the plea that He
made us dumb?

Are your hearts too hard to listen to a starving kitten's cries?
Or too gay for the patient pleading in a dog's beseeching eyes?

Behold us, your "little brothers"—starving, beaten, oppressed,—
Stretch out a hand to help us that we may have food and rest.

Too long have we roamed neglected, too long have we sickened
with fear,

The mercy you hope and pray for you can grant us, now and
here.

—*Etheldred Barry.*

Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without frown, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.

—*Longfellow.*



ROSA BONHEUR

ROSA BONHEUR.

Rosa Bonheur was a French artist and one of the most gifted painters who ever lived. Her father was an artist with a large family, and had a hard struggle to take care of them, so Rosa began to draw pictures when she was a young girl in order to help to support the family.

This was no hardship for her, however, for she delighted to draw and paint, and would sing at her work all the day long. When she was seventeen years of age she began to study animals, and to find them she made trips in the fields, in the woods and amongst lonely, steep mountains.

She was also very fond of birds, and at one time the family had a pet sheep which they kept in their apartment, on the sixth floor of the building where they lived.

After a time her father died from overwork in trying to support his large family, and then the burden laid on Rosa was heavier than ever.

But her brave spirit never faltered, and after a time she painted many pictures which made her famous. Some of the best are "The Horse Fair," "The Horse to Be Sold," "Horses Leaving the Watering-place," "A Flock of Sheep," and "The Hay Field."

But we should remember her, not only for her wonderful pictures, but also for her kind heart, for her cheerful willingness to help her father and family, and for her great love of animals.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gavest thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and on the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls^s himself a Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I, a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

—*William Blake.*



CANON FARRAR

CANON FARRAR AT THE SEASIDE.

Fredrick William Farrar was a close friend of Queen Victoria and the royal family, and held a very high office in the Church of England. He was known all over the world, not only as an eloquent speaker, and writer of books, but as a man with a great heart. He took the part of not only poor and unfortunate people, but of the dumb creatures as well, who cannot tell us of their sufferings.

From the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, Canon Farrar once appealed to his people in this way:

"Not once or twice only at the seaside have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless seabirds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there dead, or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men. Amusement? I say execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, the utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white immaculate wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out with a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement in wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"

So this good man spoke to the cruel men who seem never so happy as when they can kill some of the beautiful and innocent creatures which God has made and placed in the world to enjoy it with us.

IF EVER I SEE.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

—*Author Unknown.*

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS.

About seven hundred years ago there was born a boy who was as gentle as a child all through his life. When he grew to be a man he became a priest, and was so beloved by the people that they called him St. Francis. He lived near a town called Assisi, and so he is known as St. Francis of Assisi.

He was not only kind and affectionate to the people about him, but his heart was so large and generous that he loved all God's creatures, and especially the birds.

A legend has come down to us from one of the quaint old writers of his time, which relates that as he was traveling through the country he saw a flock of birds and turned away from the road so that he could get nearer to them. The story says that the birds, instead of being afraid of him, flocked all about him, as if to bid him welcome. Then he began to talk to them :

"Brother birds," he said, "you ought to praise and love your Creator very much. He has given you feathers for clothing, wings for flying, and all that is needful for you. He permits you to live in the pure air; you have neither to sow nor to reap, and yet he takes care of you, watches over you and guides you."

Then the story says the birds began to arch their necks, to spread out their wings, to open their beaks, to look at him as if to thank him, while he went up and down in their midst, stroking them with the border of his tunic and sending them away at last with his blessing.

The story also relates that at one time he was preaching to the people when the swallows chirped so loudly that he could not be heard.

"It is my turn to speak," he said to the swallows—"little sister swallows, hearken to the voice of God; keep silent until I have finished."

It is said of him that his love extended to all creation, from the sun to the earth-worm, and so his memory has come down to us through all these seven hundred years, as of a man with a heart large enough to love and cherish all the creatures which God has made and placed under our care.

ANSELM AND THE HARE.

Anselm, the priest from Italy,
He whom the poet Dante named
The greatest saint in paradise,
He whose high wisdom justly claimed

Obedience from monks and kings,
Rode, as it chanced upon a day,
Where stately English trees outstretched
Their spreading boughs along the way.

From out the wood there rushed a hare,
With following huntsmen on her track;
A voice and hand were lifted up,
The good priest bade the men stand back.

They paused, amazed, for wild with fright,
The trembling creature swiftly sprang
Beneath his horse, as if she saw
Her hopes of safety on him hang.

“Behold,” he spake with gentle voice,
“How she beneath my horse’s feet
Hath sought a refuge. Think ye not,
To send her safely forth were meet?

“In need man flees to God for aid ;
That mercy which he seeks on high
Shall he not grant the timorous beast
That fearful shrinks, afraid to die?”

Then sped the hare into the wood,
With bounding leaps and nerves astrain,
And, with a blessing for each man,
Anselm, the priest, rode on again.

GULIELMA ZOLLINGER, in “*Independent.*”

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS AND HIS PETS.

Alexander H. Stephens was one of the most eminent statesmen and brightest intellects which the South has produced. No man had more influence in his native State, Georgia, than he. Every office he held, he adorned, not only by his great ability, but by his inflexible love of justice and the right.

Although he was frail in body, he was a leader of men, and his counsels were usually followed by his admiring people.

This great man had an intense love for his home and for the animals about him. Some men can form a strong attachment for a horse or dog, but for nothing else. But Mr. Stephens loved all creatures with whom he came in contact, and especially their young. When at home one of his greatest recreations was to go out to his barnyard and watch by the hour the comical antics of his little pigs.

He had several dogs, and would talk to, and pet them as if they were human beings. They slept at night either in his room or outside his door. They were his body guard and watched the house so faithfully that the doors were never locked.

A poodle named "Rio" was for years his constant companion. This dog became blind several years before it died and received as much care as if it were a member of his family.

And so this eminent man, whose name and memory are so dear to the people of his native State, left another example of kindness toward our dumb companions.

MILES KEOGH'S HORSE.

On the bluff of the Little Big Horn,
At the close of a woful day,
Custer and his Three Hundred
In death and silence lay.

Three Hundred to Three Thousand !
They had bravely fought and bled :
For such is the will of Congress
When the White man meets the Red.

The white men are ten millions,
The thriftiest under the sun ;
The red are fifty thousand,
And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting men
Lay under the evening skies,
Staring up at the tranquil heaven
With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday
In that fiery scorpion ring,
Miles Keogh's horse at evening
Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter.
Where lay the three hundred slain.

The horse Comanche wandered,
With Keogh's blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,
Which future times shall read,
While the love and honor of comrades
Are the soul of the soldier's creed.

He said :

"Let the horse Comanche,
Henceforth till he shall die,
Be kindly cherished and cared for
By the Seventh Cavalry.

"He shall do no labor ; he never shall know
The touch of spur or rein ;
Nor shall his back be ever crossed
By living rider again.

"And at regimental formation
Of the Seventh Cavalry,
Comanche, draped in mourning, and led
By a trooper of Company I,

"Shall parade with the Regiment!"
Thus it was
Commanded and thus done.

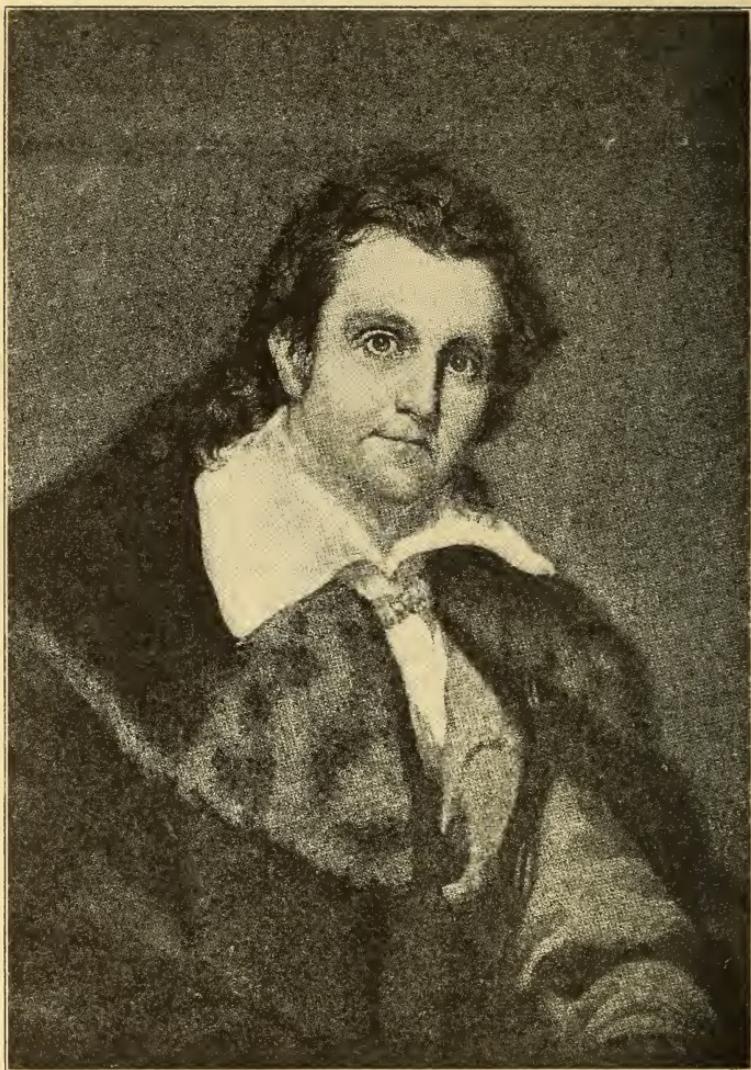
By order of General Sturgis, signed
By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,
In his disastrous fall,
Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world
And glorified his pall.

This order, issued amid the gloom
That shrouds our army's name,
When all foul beasts are free to rend
And tear its honest name,

Shall prove to a callous people
That the sense of a soldier's worth,
That the love of comrade's, the honor of arms,
Have not yet perished from earth.

Author Unknown.



JOHN J. AUDUBON

WHAT IT COSTS TO KILL THE BIRDS.

Perhaps you have heard of the Audubon Societies, which are scattered all through the country, having for their object the saving of the birds. These societies are named after a man who lived about fifty years ago, whose name was John James Audubon. He was so much interested in birds that he went away from home all alone, for years and years, traveling all over the country, going into the wildest places to study the birds and make pictures of them.

He was never so happy as when he found a strange bird. He was willing to travel hundreds of miles, over mountains, through swamps and woods, far away from where any people lived, if he could only find one. His collection of bird pictures is the finest ever made and is very valuable.

The president of all the Audubon Societies in the United States says that every year in our country the insects destroy crops that are worth not less than eight hundred millions of dollars. Learned men who spend their lives in making a study of insects know the immense loss which they cause to farmers, gardeners and fruit growers, and are able to make very close estimates as to what these losses cost in money. The reason for their fearful destruction is that the birds who feed on these insects are killed off, more and more each year, for their feathers, and for cruel sport. They are our good friends; let us not kill them.

ONLY AN INSECT.

Only an insect; yet I know
It felt the sunlight's golden glow,
And the sweet morning made it glad
With all the little heart it had.

It saw the shadows move; it knew
The grass blades glittered, wet with dew;
And gaily o'er the ground it went;
It had its fullness of content.

Some dainty morsel then it spied,
And for the treasure turned aside;
Then laden with its little spoil,
Back to its nest began to toil.

A being, formed of larger frame,
Called man, along the pathway came.
A ruthless foot aside he thrust,
And ground the beetle into dust.

Perchance no living being missed
The life that ceased to exist;
Yet its small share of life was given
By the same hand that orders heaven.

Author Unknown.

DICK AND BLIND CHARLEY.

There is no doubt that horses know a great deal more than we think. Sometimes they do acts of kindness which surprise us and set us a good example.

Once there were two horses which were kept in the town of Carnford in Wales. One of them was named Dick and the other (which was blind) was named Charley. One day Charley wandered down to a river, and when he got in the water, as he could not see the shore, he kept getting in farther and farther, until the water was so deep that he had to swim. He then went swimming around in a circle in the river, trying to get to the shore. Dick was grazing on the bank of the river and when he saw Charley swimming around and around he must have thought to himself,

“That poor horse cannot see or he would not act that way. I will call to him; perhaps he will mind my voice.”

So Dick went down to the water edge and neighed as loudly as he could. Still Charley did not know which way to get out, and it may be was deaf as well as blind. Then Dick must have thought to himself,

“That poor horse will get tired by and by and will soon be drowned if I do not help him.”

So he jumped in the river and swam out to where Charley was and touched his nose, as much as to say, “Follow me,” and then he guided Charley safely to shore.

By this time a great many people had gathered on the shore, and when Dick brought Charley out safely they cheered him as loudly as they could, just as we would, had we been there.

We hope you will be as ready to help a friend in need as Dick was.

THE MARCH OF COMPANY "A."

"Forward, march!" was the captain's word,
And the tramp of a hundred men was heard,
As they formed into line in the morning gray,
Shoulder to shoulder went Company A.

Out of the shadow into the sun,
A hundred men that moved as one;
Out of the dawning into the day,
A glittering file, went Company A.

Marching along to the rendezvous,
By grassy meadows the road ran through,
By springing cornfields and orchards gay,
Forward, forward, went Company A.

A breath like a sigh ran through the ranks
Treading those odorous blossom-banks,
For the orchard hillsides far away,
The northern hillsides of Company A.

Forward, march!—and the dream was sped;
Out of the pine wood straight ahead
Clattered a troop of the Southern gray
Face to face with Company A.

Forth with a flash in the Southern sun
A hundred sabres leaped like one.
Sudden drum-beat and bugle-play
Sounded the charge for Company A.

Halt! What is here? A slumbering child,
Roused by the blast of the bugle wild,
Between the ranks of the blue and gray,
Right in the path of Company A.

Nothing knowing of North or South,
Her dimpled finger within her mouth,
Her gathered apron with blossoms gay,
She stared at the guns of Company A.

Straightway set for a sign of truce
Whitely a handkerchief fluttered loose,
As front of the steel of the Southern gray
Galloped the captain of Company A.

To his saddle-bow he swung the child,
With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled,
While the boys in blue and the boys in gray
Cheered for the captain of Company A.

Out of the arms that held her safe
He took with a smile the little waif.
A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray,
And back rode the captain of Company A.

Up there, in the distant cottage door,
A mother clasping her child once more,
Shuddered at sight of the smoke-cloud gray
Shrouding the path of Company A.

A little later and all was done—
The battle was over, the victory won.
Nothing left of the pitiless fray
That swept the ranks of Company A.

Nothing left—save the bloody stain
Darkening the orchard's rosy rain.
Dead the chief of the Southern gray,
And dead the captain of Company A.

Fallen together the gray and blue,
Gone to the final rendezvous,
A grave to cover, a prayer to say,
And—Forward, march! went Company A.

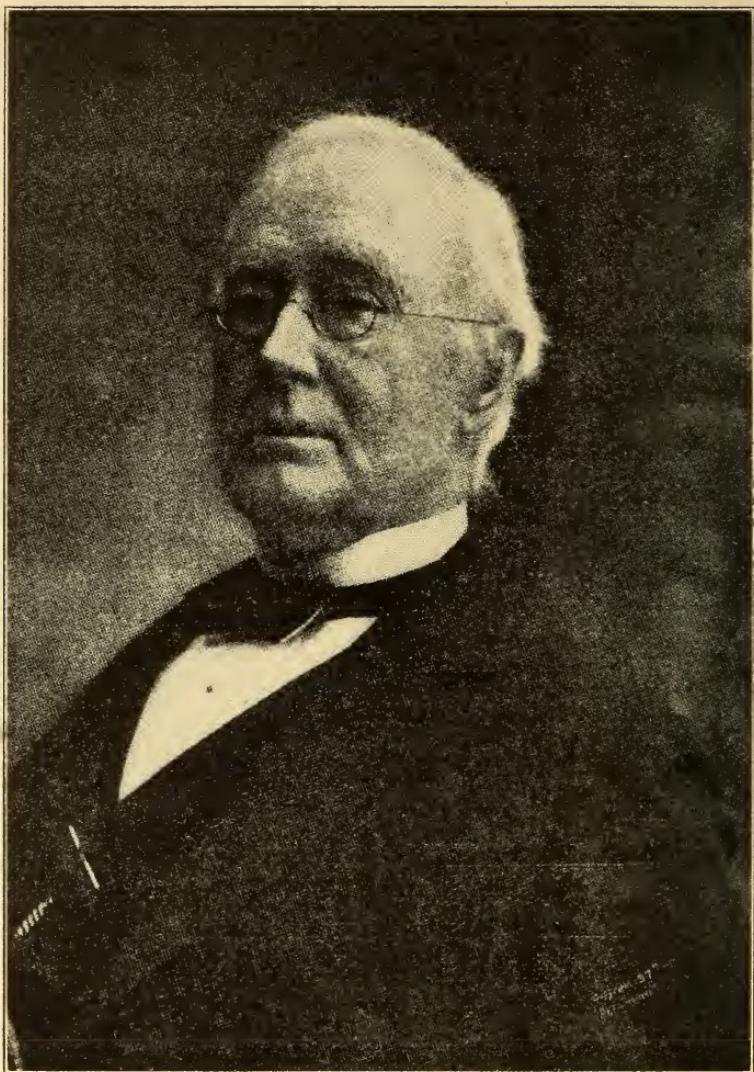
—*The Century.*

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR AND THE BIRDS.

This great man was one of the finest lawyers and ablest men in his day. For many years he represented his native state of Massachusetts in the United States Senate, which is a very high office. He lived a very busy life, but he was not so busy as to forget to plead for the birds.

He made the following appeal to the Massachusetts Legislature, which resulted in the passing of a law prohibiting the wearing of song birds on women's hats. He makes the birds to speak for themselves in the following beautiful words:

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the



GEORGE F. HOAR

gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

"Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that when you do anything other people all over the great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know.

We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now, we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats.

Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy.

"Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for Blackbird to whistle.

"If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you, and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

"The signers are: Brown Thrasher, Robert o' Lincoln, Hermit Thrush, Vesper Sparrow, Robin Red Breast, Song Sparrow, Scarlet Tanager, Summer Red Bird, Blue Heron, Humming Bird, Yellow Bird, Whip-poor-will, Water Wag-tail, Wood-pecker, Pigeon Woodpecker, Indigo Bird, Yellow Throat, Wilson's Thrush, Chickadee, King Bird, Swallow, Cedar Bird, Cow Bird, Martin, Veery, Vireo, Oriole, Black Bird, Fife Bird, Wren, Linnet, Pee Wee, Phœbe, Yoke Bird, Lark, Sandpiper, Chewink."

THE TRUANT BIRD.

An empty cage! The bird has flown!
Where can my little friend have gone?
Last night I left him on his perch,
But now, although I peep and search,
And wander here and wander there,
I cannot find him anywhere!
Such friends we were, you may believe,
No wonder that I sorely grieve.
I fed him from my very hand;
Upon my fingers he would stand.
And often from my lips remove
Some dainty that all song-birds love.
I cannot think he meant to go—
He surely would not leave me so!
I'll wait beneath this maple tree;



THE TRUANT BIRD

*From painting by
Meyer von Bremen*

Perhaps his golden crest I'll see.
A twitter from the topmost bough,
A burst of song, a rush, and now
Upon my shoulder nestles he,
As happy as a bird can be!
Why did you go, you naughty thing?
You might have broken leg or wing,
And fallen where no friend was near
To ease your pain, or bring you cheer.
I did not mean to fly away—
At least I did not mean to stay—
But you forgot to give me drink
And nice, fresh seed—oh, only think!
So, to remind you, day by day,
I made believe to run away?

—*Selected.*

IVAN AND THE QUAIL.

There was once a little boy named Ivan who lived in Russia. The country where he lived was like a great bare prairie without any trees, but in some places there were ravines or hollows, at the bottom of which were small streams. In some places there were bushes on the sides of the ravines, so that the quail and partridges made their home there. This boy's father was a rich man and a great hunter and he had a fine hunting dog named Treasure, which always went with him when he hunted. Ivan often went with them and thought it great sport. When his father shot a bird, Treasure would run to pick it up and fetch it to them in his mouth. Then Ivan jumped and shouted for joy.

One day they went out hunting in one of the ravines and pretty soon a quail flew up almost under Treasure's nose. She would fly up and then drop to the ground, as though she was wounded. Ivan's father did not dare to fire for fear of hitting the dog. In a few minutes Treasure caught the quail and brought it to them. The father held it in his hand with its breast up and said, "She must have her nest of young ones not far from here, for she pretended to be wounded so as to draw the dog away from the nest and save her little ones, but Treasure has hurt her and she will not live." The little boy went close to the quail as it lay still in his father's hand, and its black eyes looked at him. All at once his heart was moved with a great pity, for it seemed to him as if the poor little creature looked at him and thought:

"Why should I die? Why? Have I not done my duty? I tried to save my little ones by attracting the dog away, and I am caught. Poor me! Poor me! It is not just! No, it is not just."

The boy caressed the poor bird's head with his hand, but in a moment her body trembled and her eyes closed and the boy burst into tears and cried as if his heart would break, for the bird was dead.

Very soon Treasure found the nest and the father called the dog away before he had hurt the little ones. The boy went to the nest and there were four little quails with their necks stretched out and mouths open for food. The father sat down and began to eat the lunch which he had brought, but the boy could not eat. He sat down and put the dead mother quail in his handkerchief and said,

"Poor little birds! Your mother has been killed. What will become of you?"

Then Ivan and his father went away, the dog trotting after them.

A few days after Ivan went back and found the little birds had starved to death.

From that day Ivan lost his passion for sport and hunting. His father had promised some time before to make him a present of a fine gun, but he did not want it. He could find no pleasure in killing God's creatures for sport.

—*Adapted.*



SPITZ

Bonheur

SPITZ'S EDUCATION.

Oh, Spitz! This really is too bad—
A dog brought up like you!
Do you forget already, sir,
All you've been taught to do?

Now, look at me, and pray attend;
Give me your right-hand paw!
No! that is not the right one, Spitz,
Your honor is concerned;
You would not gobble up the cake
Because my back was turned.

And you must learn to balance things
Upon your shiny nose;
And, Spitz, be careful when you walk,
To turn out well your toes.

Some day I'll teach you, Spitz, to walk
Upon two legs, like me;
But then, old Spitz, you must behave
With more gentility.

Your paw again. You shocking dog!
With all the pains I've taken,
To find in right and left paw still
You always are mistaken!

—*Mrs. Charles Heaton.*

WHAT ANIMALS DO FOR US.

Do you ever think how much we owe to the animals and how poor the world would be without them? What should we do without the cow? She gives us milk, from which butter and cheese are made; her flesh to eat, and her skin to make our shoes, to keep our feet dry and warm.

The patient ox is one of the first pioneers in a new and rough country. He draws the plow through the tough sod and hauls the logs to make a log house, or to the saw mill to be made into lumber.

The sheep gives us wool to make our warm clothing and flesh to eat.

The hog gives us the hams and bacon, which last through the long winters.

The reindeer lives where it is so cold that it would seem as if nothing could live, and feeds on moss which seems to grow on purpose for it. It gives milk, draws the sledges over great snow and ice fields, gives its flesh to eat and its skin for warm clothing.

The goat in many countries is one of the most valuable of animals, because it can live where there is little to eat, and it gives milk to drink and its skin for clothing.

The camel is called the "ship of the desert," for without it man could not travel in hot countries hundreds and hundreds of miles over sandy deserts. Besides carrying great loads it also gives milk for food. The elephant in some countries is taught how to carry great loads and to do other kinds of labor.

But what could we do without the horse? The faithful friend and companion of man, who does his bidding in a thousand different ways. He is the most useful of all our servants, and we simply could not get along without him.

How we should miss the dog, the faithful friend of man, who is often ready to die for him. He shares man's dangers and hardships without complaint, even when badly treated.

What should we do without the hens? We seldom think that the hens and their eggs are one of the greatest sources of income to our national wealth.

There are many other animals, tame and wild, which add to our comfort and happiness, but those already mentioned are enough to show us how dependent we are on the animal world, and how much they contribute to our daily life. If we receive so much from them should we not in all fairness give them, at least, good care and kind treatment?

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—*William Cowper.*



A HAPPY FAMILY

*From painting by
Landseer*

A HAPPY FAMILY.

'Twas a bitter cold morning ; the new-fallen snow
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go ;
The streams were all solid, the ice sharp and clear ;
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.

Almost all the wild creatures were troubled and cold,
And sighed for sweet Summer, the shy and the bold ;
But one thrifty family, as you must know,
Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.

Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

—*D. H. R. Goodale.*

SOME BIRDS' NESTS.

There is a great variety in the material which is used by the birds for building their nests. Robins' nests are always quite similar in size, shape and material. So it is with the other bird families. I will tell you of a few different kinds of nests.

There is a bird called the cliff-swallow, which builds its nest of clay on the side of a cliff. A number of birds usually work together. Flying off in different directions, they return with

clay which they soften before putting it on their nests. One, who seems to be the master builder, stays in the nests, smooths off the clay and sees that the work is properly done. In this way a little village of nests is made.

The barn swallow's nest is built in pretty much the same way. In front of it is a tiny platform on which the father sits and sings to his mate as she warms the eggs in the nest.

The magpie is a sly and cunning bird. She steals and eats the eggs from other birds' nests, and for this reason greatly deserves the dislike of her bird neighbors. She must have a very guilty conscience, for she seems to fear that other birds will retaliate upon her. In building her own nest she protects it from all marauding birds by covering it closely with a net work of thorns.

Among the most interesting of all birds' nests are those of the weaver birds. To this class belongs the Baltimore oriole, which weaves its nest of fine grass, threaded through and through, and suspended from some convenient limb. There is also another weaver bird, common in Asia and Africa, which weaves its nest very much as the oriole does and suspends it from the end of some branch overhanging the water. This is done to keep it out of the reach of snakes and monkeys; for the twig, strong enough to bear the weight of a bird's nest, would not support one of these animals.

There is a weaver bird in Africa called the "social weaver." A number of these go together and build a great grass canopy

in the top of some tree, which will shed water like an umbrella. When this is completed each pair of birds build their nest under its shelter.

Perhaps the most interesting of all birds' nests is that of the tailor bird, which lives in India. It selects a large, sound leaf, and after making small holes in either side with its beak it sews the two together. When this is done it builds a soft, downy nest inside. This is always suspended from the end of a slender twig, to keep it out of the reach of any mischievous animals. It is said that the tailor bird not only sews, but will also make a knot in the end of the thread to prevent its slipping through.

—Elizabeth Davis Fielder.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders.
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp.
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes; it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
“Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the emperor's tent a shed,
And the emperor but a Macho !

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

“Let no hand the bird molest,”
Said he solemnly, “nor hurt her!”
Adding then by way of jest,

“Golondrina is my guest,
’Tis the wife of some deserter!”

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the emperor’s pleasant humor.

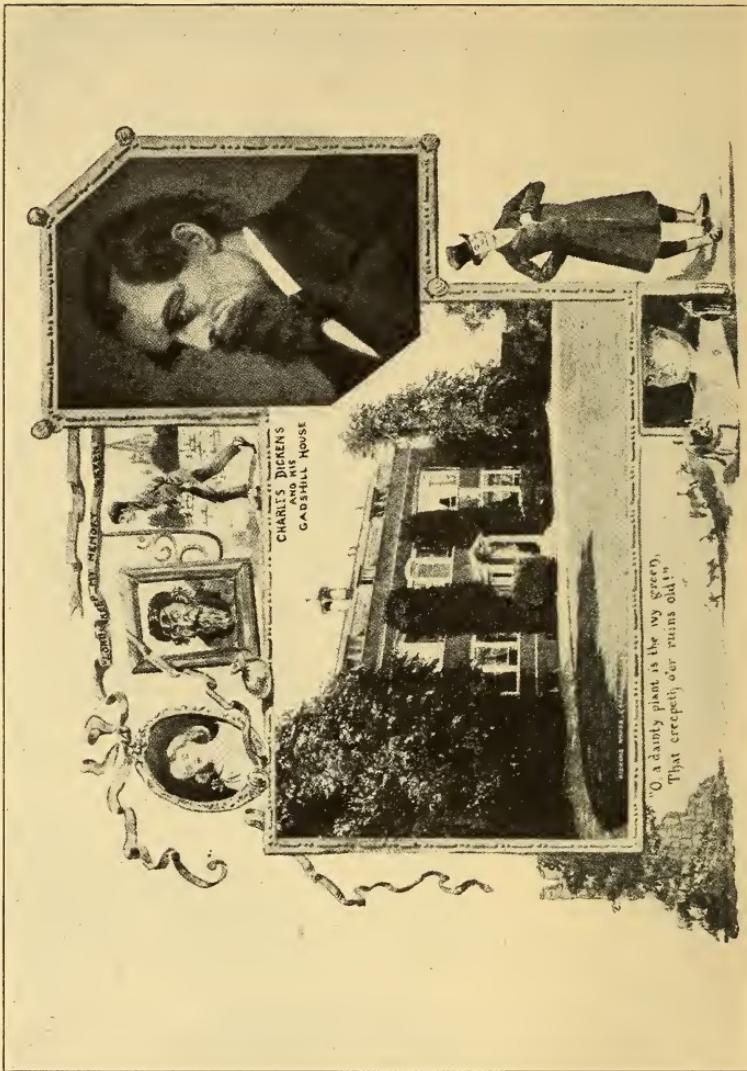
So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the emperor’s tent,
For he ordered, ’ere he went,
Very curtly, “Leave it standing!”

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o’er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS HOME



"O a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creeps by old ruins old!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens was a very popular English story writer. When he was a little boy, his father was poor and Charles was put into a warehouse to work, where he had a sad, hard life. When he grew older he found that he could write stories which were so good that millions of people would read them. He hated cruelty and wrongdoing and never forgot the time when he was a poor boy in the warehouse. Few men have ever lived who have done more to prevent cruelty.

Before he began to write there were hundreds of schools where boys were out away from home. In many of them the school masters were very cruel and flogged the boys without mercy if they had imperfect lessons or for other reasons. Very often, too, the boys did not get enough to eat and suffered for want of care.

There were also hundreds of girls' boarding schools where little girls were cruelly treated. Then there were thousands of little boys in workhouses and warehouses and shops, whose lives were being crushed out. Then there were many other people whose lives were dark and sorrowful, because they were treated unjustly. Dickens wrote stories about all of these, and so excited the pity and sympathy of the world that laws were changed and the lives of these unfortunate people were made brighter and happier.

His own heart seemed so full of joy that wherever he went there was sunshine. At the same time his heart was so full of pity for the sorrowful and downtrodden that we are moved to tears of sympathy when reading some of his stories.

BOB WHITE.

Old friend, I hear your whistle
Upon the zigzag rail;
Your cheery voice of welcome
Rings on the autumn gale;
When scarlet leaves and golden
Dance in the amber light,
You tell me of your presence
With a vim, Bob White!

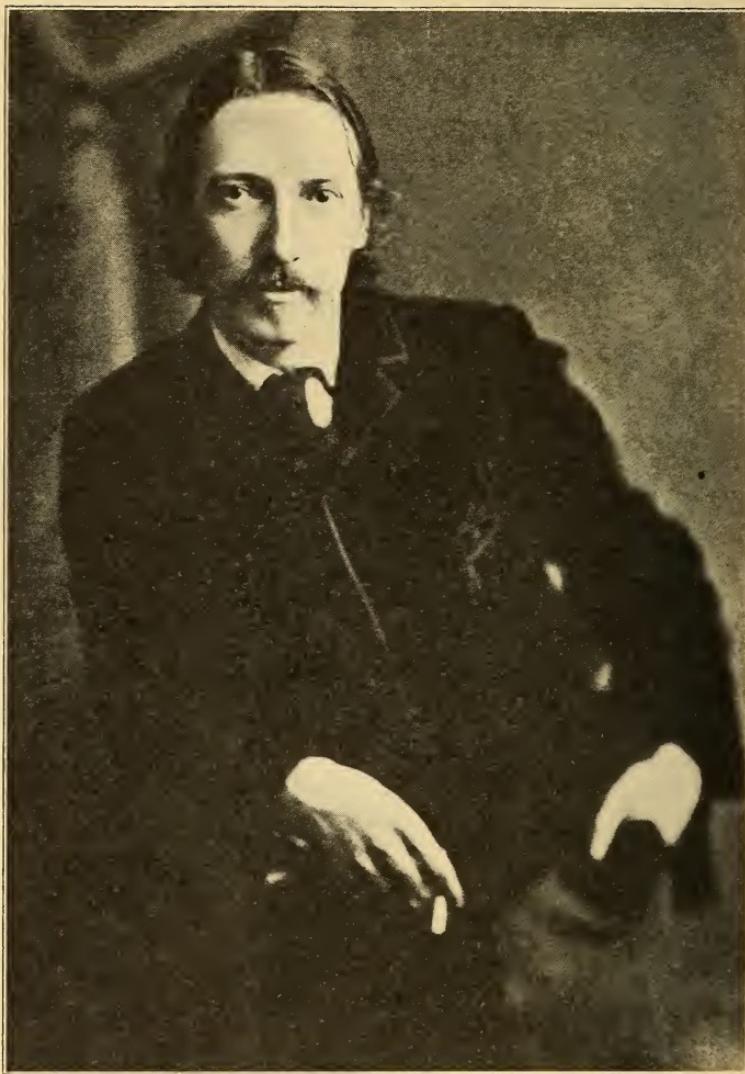
A whole-souled little fellow,
In speckled coat of brown,
You heed not summer's passing
Or skies that darkly frown;
While other birds are quiet,
Your call comes to delight,
And that is why I like you
Most of all, Bob White!

Philosopher in feathers,
I'd join your happy school;

The heart forever sighing
Belongeth to the fool!
Happy-go-lucky fellow,
Though chilly breezes blight,
There's always summer sunshine
In your heart, Bob White!

The world has so much sorrow,
We need your lively call;
A soul to face all trouble,
Ah! that's the best of all!
The snow will soon be falling,
Nor hill nor vale in sight;
But I have learned your lesson
In my heart, Bob White!

—*Lucy Larcom.*



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotch writer, who wrote many story books which have become famous, amongst which are "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped" and others.

He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1850 and died in 1895. His grandfather, father and uncle were great engineers and builders, who erected lighthouses in the sea, where it seemed impossible to build them, and they wanted Robert to follow the same calling. But he had no inclination for that calling and then his father wanted him to become a lawyer, which he did, but this profession also was distasteful to him. He liked to wander in the fields and moors, to explore the woods and mountains, to mix with different classes of people, to study them and notice their peculiarities. He became a writer of books and he delighted in his work.

He suffered from poor health most of his life, and during his last years found it necessary to live in a warm, balmy climate. He went to the Island of Samoa, which is one of the Pacific Islands, and made a home amongst the natives. It was a delightful climate, and he probably prolonged his life for several years by living there. When living in Samoa he had a strong little Samoan pony named "Jack," on which he used to ride for his health. He was very strongly attached to this little animal and showed his affection for it by arranging that after his death it should be cared for and that it should not be used by any one else as long as it lived.

He was kind not only to his pony, but to the people about him and they all loved him. When he lay in his coffin an old Samoan chief, whom Stevenson had befriended, came up and crouched close to the remains and said:

"I am only a poor Samoan and ignorant. We were in prison and he cared for us. We were sick and he made us well. We were hungry and he fed us. The day was no longer than his kindness."

The native chiefs dug his grave on the spot which he had chosen on the side of a mountain, and they carried his body up the steep ascent when he was buried.

So the fragrance of his life was even more than the brilliancy of his books. He left a prayer, which has become a classic in our language. It is as follows:

"We thank Thee for the place in which we dwell, for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food and the bright skies that make our lives delightful, for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be; give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving, one to another."

He did not live a long life, for he died when forty-five years

of age, but he left the world brighter and better because he had lived in it.

His little poem entitled "My Kingdom" shows how well he understood and could interpret child life.

MY KINGDOM.

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
 No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
 Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea ;
The little hills were big to me ;
 For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
 And named them one and all.

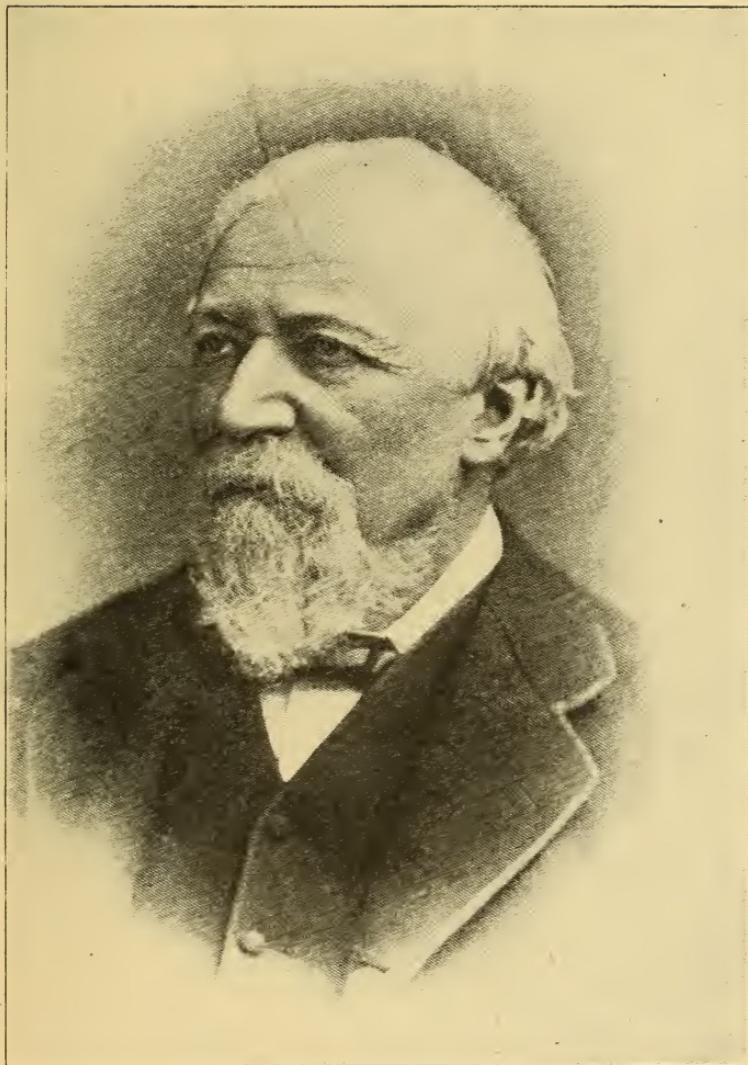
And all about was mine, I said ;
The little sparrows overhead,
 The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was the king ;
For me the bees came by to sing,
 For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.

At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas; and as I neared my home,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Robert Browning may well be called the Poet of Hope. He looked at the bright side of life, and found joy and gladness where others see nothing but sadness and despair.

His own words well describe him:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

We may be sure that such a man had an affectionate nature and he showed this when a very young boy, for even then he had an anxious tenderness and care for life. He took a poor mangled cat home to be cared for, and crippled birds were tended and restored to health.

His gifted wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, might be called the Poet of the "Children." While she lived there were thousands of poor little children who worked long days in dark coal mines and in crowded factories, whose lives were being crushed out.

She wrote a poem called "The Cry of the Children," and this is one verse:

"The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawn are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the West—
But the young, young children, Oh, my brothers,



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

This poem made such an impression on the people that laws were passed to protect the children from such hardship and misery.

Mrs. Browning received a present from a dear friend, of a fine dog which she named "Flush," and this dog she made the subject of one of her most beautiful poems, entitled "To My Dog Flush."

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak:
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

—Whittier.

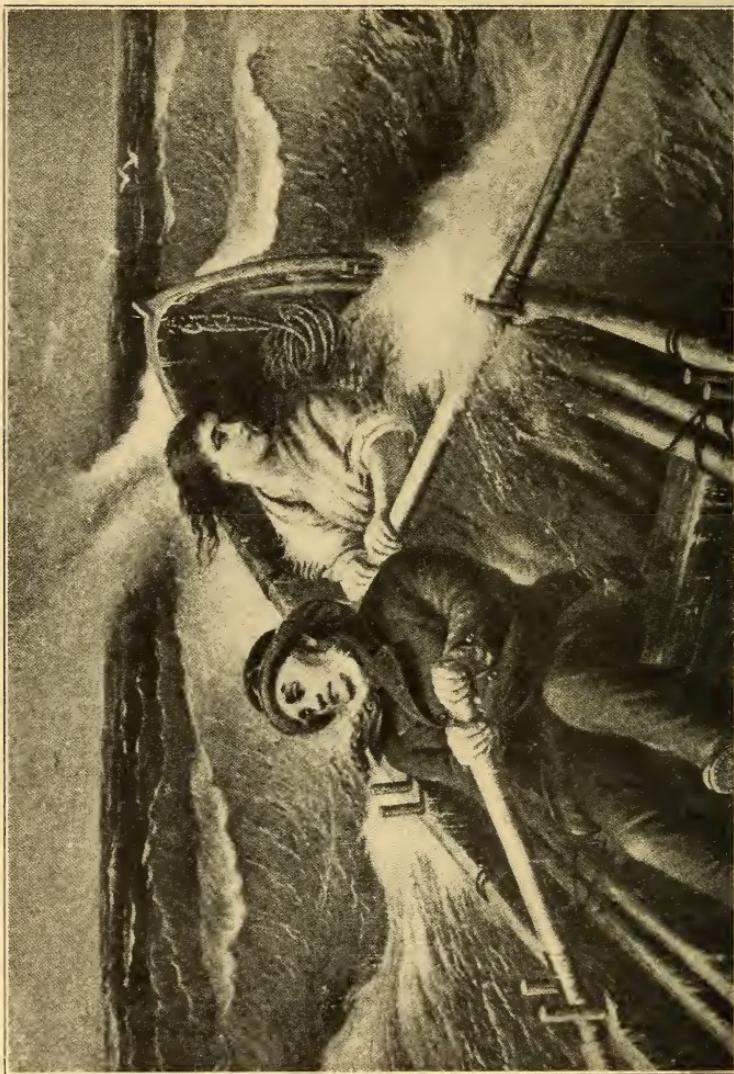
BE KIND TO LIVING THINGS.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind,
God commands us to be kind.
Kind not only to our friends,
Those on whom our life depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
Those who poverty endure;
But in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature.
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great Hand,
That has made the sea and land;
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever to be kind.

—*The Animal Friend.*

From painting by Brooks

GRACE DARLING



THE STORY OF GRACE DARLING.

About seventy years ago, in the Autumn of the year, a steamer from Hull was ploughing her way along the North coast of England on her way to Dundee, Scotland. The sea was very rough and dashed in fury over the rocks, some of which could be seen above the surface of the sea. On one of these rocks a lighthouse had been built, to warn vessels of the dangerous coast, and in this lighthouse lived the keeper, Mr. Darling, and family, amongst them his daughter Grace, a handsome and vigorous girl twenty-two years old. The doomed steamer was not very staunch, and her machinery was not powerful enough to buffet with the raging sea, and in the night she was wrecked on the rocks and many of the crew and passengers were washed from the deck and drowned.

It seemed as if no help could reach those who remained and that they were doomed to a watery grave.

In the morning as soon as it was light enough to see, the lighthouse keeper saw the steamer on the rocks, and that a heavy sea was beating upon her. Any moment she might be washed from her precarious position and broken in pieces.

The lighthouse keeper felt anxious to rescue the passengers, but the waves were so furious that it seemed as if his little boat could not possibly live in such a sea and that he would be throwing his life away in vain.

The dangers and difficulties seemed so great that he was about to give up, when his daughter Grace encouraged him to make

the attempt to save the passengers, and said that she would go with him and work one of the oars. They went, reached the steamer, and nine persons were helped into the boat, and in spite of the terrible sea, the heroic girl and her father brought the boat safely back to the lighthouse, where the ship-wrecked passengers, more dead than alive, received every possible attention and care. All of these would have been lost had it not been for the heroism of the girl who was willing to risk her own life in order to save others whom she had never seen or heard of before.

The world loves a hero, be it a man or a woman, and so the account of this noble deed went all over the English speaking world. More than twenty-five hundred dollars was raised and presented to her by those who admired her bravery. Artists went to the lonely lighthouse to paint her portrait and to make pictures of the lighthouse, and of the scene where the wreck occurred, and yet the brave girl was so modest and forgetful of herself that she never would have supposed that she had done anything surprising had not so much been said about it.

Seventy years have passed since then, and in that time many kings and queens and powerful nobles have passed away from their thrones and their great possessions and their names are almost forgotten; but the name and memory of Grace Darling still lives as fresh and bright as ever and will live so long as the world admires noble deeds of heroism and kindness.

TWENTY FROGGIES.

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushing pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

“We must be in time,” said they.
“First we study, then we play:
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school.”

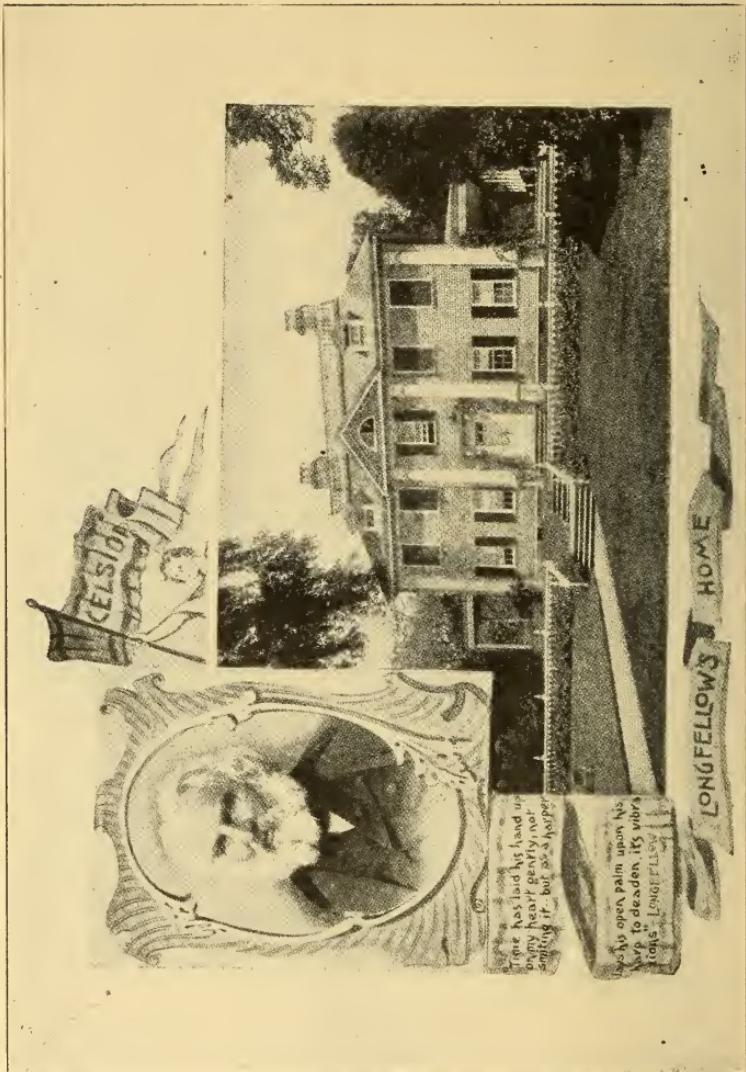
Master Bullfrog, brave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive.

Taught them how to dodge a blow
From the stick that bad boys throw.
Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

—*George Cooper.*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW AND HIS HOME



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Of all our own poets, Longfellow may be called the poet of the home and fireside. When a busy man writing his poems and fulfilling his duties as Professor of Literature in Harvard College, he set apart one hour each day, when his three beautiful children could come into his study. He would then lay aside his pen and devote himself to them, and you can imagine they had a happy, merry time. He describes this in his poem, "The Children's Hour," and no one can tell in how many hearts this poem has kindled a love for children.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of the door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret
Or the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed bandetti,
Because you have sealed the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart,

But put you down into the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

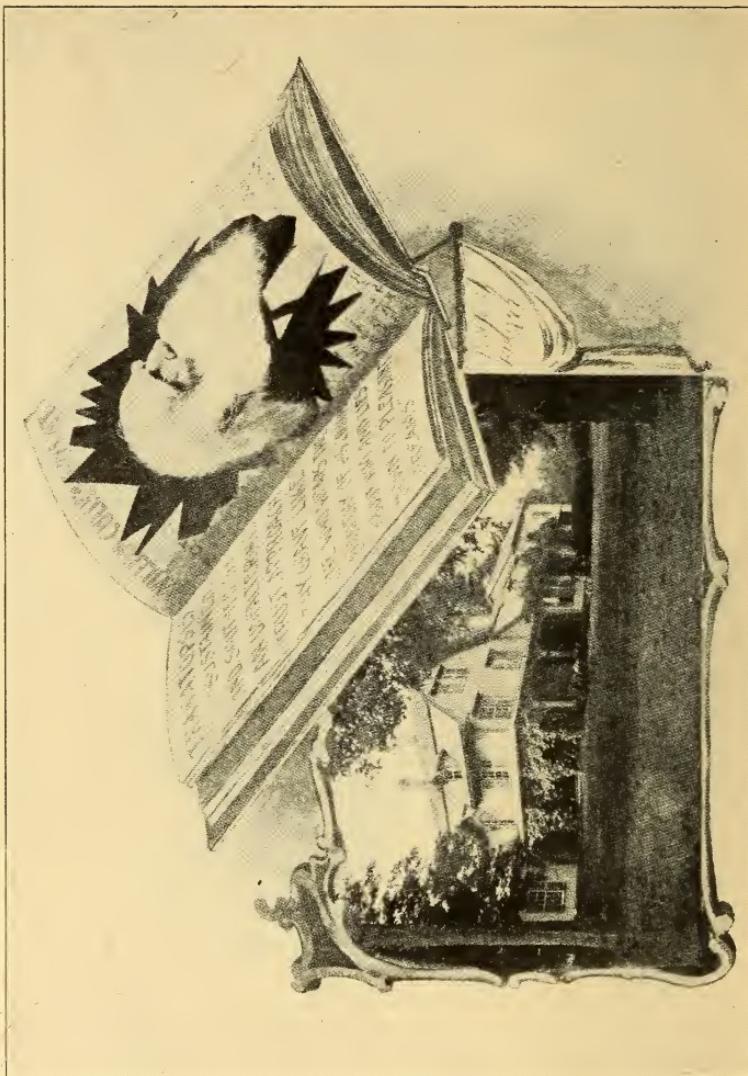
And there will I keep you forever—
Yes, forever and a day—
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned.*

—*Charles Swain.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AND HIS HOME



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, and died June 12, 1878.

Like Whittier, he was a farmer's boy and his father was a strong, rugged man—a fine specimen of the New England farmer. William was a weak and sickly boy, but no doubt he did the chores like other boys and worked as hard as his strength would allow.

He lived to be nearly eighty-four years old and worked hard, which shows that if boys will take care of themselves they may live to a good old age, even with hard work.

When he became a young man he prepared himself to become a lawyer, and while a law student wrote the beautiful poem, "Robert of Lincoln," which follows this. He did not like the law and went to New York City, where he became editor of a paper and remained so for nearly all the remainder of his life.

He was a lover of Nature, and was happy in his descriptions of the scenery of his native land. He led a calm and serene life. He had an intense love of human freedom.

His poems, such as "The Gladness of Nature," "A Summer Ramble," "The Evening Wind" and "The Death of the Flowers," will be read with delight as long as our language is spoken.

When only nineteen years of age he wrote his poem, "Thanatopsis," which is one of the classics of the English language.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.”

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest ;
Hear him call, in his merry note :

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.”

Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.”

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can.”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight.
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.”

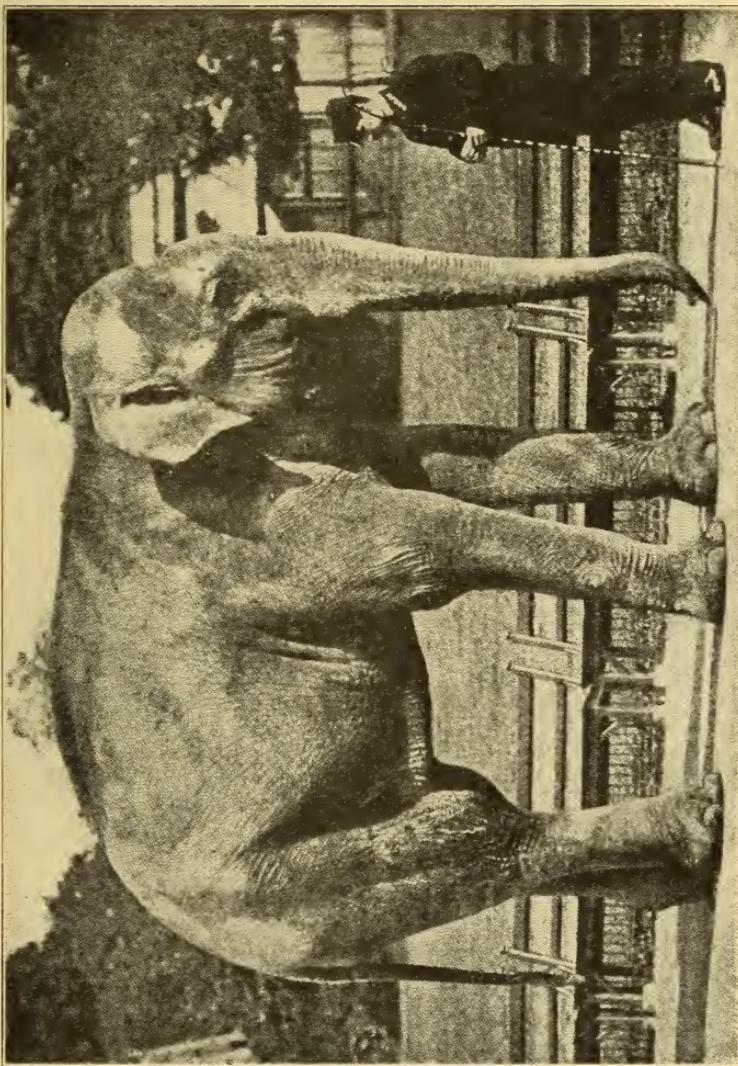
Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six white mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten his merry air:
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.”

Summer wanes—the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows.
Robert of Lincoln’s a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln come back again.”

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE ELEPHANT



THE GRATEFUL ELEPHANT.

There was once a splendid elephant named "Hebe" who belonged to P. T. Barnum's famous menagerie. She had stepped on a nail, which had pierced the tender part of her foot, so that she was in great agony. Mr. Barnum sent for a young horse doctor who was noted for his courage, but when he saw the elephant standing on three legs and swinging the wounded foot with loud cries of pain, he felt rather timid about approaching the beast. But the elephant's keeper told him she had sense, so he got out his instruments and went up to examine the foot. While he was looking at it he felt a light touch on his head and, looking up, saw it was the elephant's trunk.

"Don't mind her," said the keeper; "she is only curling your hair."

The keeper jabbered something to the elephant and told the doctor to cut into the foot. He did so and had to cut deeply to reach the abscess which had formed, but as he cut cold drops of sweat came out all over him, for he felt her trunk growing tighter on his hair. At length the abscess was opened and the elephant was relieved, but the doctor fainted away.

A year and a half after the doctor happened to be where the menagerie was and went to see the elephant. She looked at him for awhile, then she reached out her trunk first on his shoulders and then on his hair, and then raised up her foot, which was then well, and showed it to him, for she remembered him and expressed her gratitude in that way.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamp light's glare :
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney's nook
Conned the lines of a picture book ;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently :
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.
At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke :
“There are taxes to raise, an’ interest to pay—
And if there should come a rainy day,
’Twould be mighty handy, I’m bound to say.
To have sumptin’ put by; for folks must die.
An’ there’s funeral bills and gravestones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh ;
Besides, there’s Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So ’f I were you, I’ll tell you what I’d do :

I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extry fires don't do any good ;
I'd be savin' of soap and savin' of ile,
And run up candles once in a while ;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high
And all to buy ;
And cider is good enough drink for me ;
And I'd be kind o' careful 'bout my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows ;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of wimmen.
I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good nigh about's the money ;
And as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one du.
And as to the washer and sewin' machine—
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.
What do they know about woman's work—
Do they calkilate women was born to shirk?"
Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro ;

They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin:
And then with a wrath he could not smother,
Out spoke the youngest, frailest brother:
“You talk of savin’ wood and ile,
And tea and sugar, all the while;
But you never talk of savin’ mother!”

—*Author unknown.*

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE WHITE KITTEN.

A little white kitten once lived, in company with its black and white mother and two tiny black brothers, up in the hay-loft of a doctor’s barn. They were a happy family and the mother cat loved her little ones dearly. She took great pride in their tidy appearance, washing them thoroughly several times a day, often remarking that even her black kittens must be spotlessly clean. The wonder was that she did not wear her rough tongue smooth in her untiring effort to keep the children clean.

One day at a meeting of the neighborhood club, held on the doctor’s back-yard fence, Mrs. Gray, a drab-colored tabby, attempted to persuade Mrs. Black-White that it would be wise for her to find a nice place in a private home for herself and kittens —a household where there would be dear little children to fondle and feed them.

“As for me and my family,” said the gray cat, “we have a delightful home; we are provided with a large and comfortable

basket placed behind the kitchen stove, and we always have milk in our bowl. Best of all, my mistress has seven lovely children, all of whom play with and love and care for us. It is a shame, Mrs. Black-White, that you should keep your beautiful babies hid away in a haymow. They might as well be out of the world."

Mrs. Black-White listened respectfully until Mrs. Gray had finished, as a well-bred cat should do, replying in a low, good-natured purr that she might be mistaken, but she was still of the opinion that her family were well off where they were.

"I have no thought of neglecting their education because I have chosen a secluded, quiet spot in which to dwell," said Mrs. Black-White. "Indeed, I am planning now to take them in the spring on a hunting expedition through the woods and fields that they may know something of the haunts of their ancestors and become educated cats through travel. They are already having daily lessons in polite deportment and soon will begin special work in domestic mousing. Their father was a famous mouser, and I shall want them to acquire his skill."

The conversation ended here, and Mrs. Black-White returned home to her kittens, one of which jumped out at her from behind the door in mischief, sticking her cold, moist, pink little nose right into her mother's face, which made the dignified old cat sneeze, after which puss frisked off to play with a wisp of hay.

When Mr. "Bobby" Burns said, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," he was not, perhaps, aware that

it applied quite as well to the plans of cats as to those of mice or men. The very next day Mrs. Black-White had cause to know that she could not carry out her well-laid plans, at least as far as one member of her family was concerned, for a surprising thing happened which quite changed the fortunes of the little white kitten.

Mrs. Black-White had gone to see a neighbor cat, leaving the children asleep on the hay, when the white kitten was wakened by hearing the barn door creak on its hinges. Curious to know who had entered below, she crawled to the very edge of the mow and could just see the stable boy rolling out the doctor's carriage when, suddenly, she lost her balance and fell head over heels from the loft right on to the back seat of the carriage. She cuddled down in a frightened ball; the horse was harnessed to the carriage; the doctor jumped in and, seating himself and picking up the reins, started to drive off down the avenue. After a short drive the doctor stopped, tied his horse and started up the walk leading to a big white house. The kitten followed, and when the door of the house was opened to admit the doctor, in walked the white kitten, too.

In a beautiful room on a small white bed lay a pale-faced, sick little boy, whom the doctor said was very ill. While the child's mother and the physician were talking together, the white kitten sprang on to the boy's bed, which caused him for the first time in many days to open wide his big blue eyes and burst into a merry little laugh as he held out his arms to the dear little

cat. When the others saw the cat it was their turn to laugh and, indeed, it was enough to make them laugh for very joy to see what good cheer the kitten had brought. Where she had come from no one knew; nor how welcome she was, could anyone tell. Both mother and doctor agreed that the kitten had been the best kind of medicine, and the child soon recovered and the kitten became his adopted and much-loved playmate.

—*Adapted from Our Animal Friends.*

I would not give much for that man's religion which does not reach out to his horse or his dog.

—*Rowland Hill.*

THE LITTLE ROBIN-REDBREASTS.

Two robin-redbreasts built their nest
 Within a hollow tree ;
The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sang merrily ;
And all the little young ones said,
 “Wee-wee ! wee-wee ! wee-wee !”

One day the sun was warm and bright,
 And shining in the sky ;
Cock Robin said, “My little dears,
 ‘Tis time you learned to fly.”
And all the little ones said,
 “I’ll try ! I’ll try ! I’ll try !”

I know a child, and who she is
 I’ll tell you by-and-by,
When mamma says “do this” or “that.”
 She says “What for?” and “why”?
She’d be a better child by far
 If she would say, “I’ll try.”

—*Selected.*

From painting by Landseer

SAVED



UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, he gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was

in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me.

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil; "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."

—*Sydney Dayre.*

SIMON GRUB'S DREAM.

The text was this: "Inasmuch as ye
Have done it to these, ye have done it to me."
Soon Simon slept, for 'twas sultry weather,
And the dream and the sermon went on together.

He dreamed that he died, and stood at the gate
Of the outer court, where the angels wait
For those who hear the glad "Well done,"
And can enter the realms of the Holy One.

While Simon waited, and wondered if he
Had forgotten the password, or lost the key,
A voice above him said, loud and clear,
"Do you know you must bring your witnesses here"?

"Of witnesses there are many," said he,
"My brethren and neighbors will all speak for me,"
But the brethren and neighbors came not near,
And he heard only a whinny, familiar and clear.

And old Gray Foot, the horse, stood just at his right,
While around on the other side, just coming in sight,
Was a crowd of dumb creatures so forlorn and so poor,
That the angel wept as he opened the door.

Then Simon grew pale and, trembling with fear,
Said, "Oh ! why are not some of the brethren here ?
Pray wait, pray wait, they'll surely come."
'Twas Gray Foot that spoke then, and Simon was dumb :

"On wintry nights I've stood in my stall,
When the cold winds blew through the cracks in the wall,
Till every joint and sinew and bone
Seemed frozen and dead as the coldest stone.

"I've shivered the dreary time away,
With only some of the poorest hay,
Then put to work with shout and blow,
So hungry and faint I could scarcely go."

Then old Brindle came, and with soft brown eyes
Fixed on her master in sad surprise,
Told a pitiful tale of starvation and cold,
And how he had sold her food for gold.

The poor sheep told their story, too,
Of bitter wrongs their whole life through ;
Turned out in cold and stormy weather,
To starve and freeze and cry together.

They were lowly cries, but they turned to prayer,
And, floating upward, had rested there,
Close by the ear of Him who says,
“I will hear the cries of my poor always.”

The old house dog, though treated ill,
Came near, and fawned on his master still,
Because the love those dumb things know
Is more than human, more faithful, more true.

Then conscience woke like some torpid thing
That is brought to life by the sun in spring,
And lashed and stung him like poisoned thongs,
As memory brought him his train of wrongs,
Forgetting nothing of word or deed,
Of cruel blows or selfish greed.

He cruelly treated friends that were dumb.
Would they follow him on through ages to come?
Must he see them forever, gaunt, hungry and cold?
For “Time and eternity never grow old.”

How oft in dumb pleading they'd ask a caress
From hands that had beaten them! Ah! yes,
He remembered it all, and it stung him to know
That when they craved love, they were given a blow.

Oh ! could he live over the life that was past,
And leave out its sins, to stand here at last
With a soul that was white, for a happier fate !
Was it conscience that whispered, "Too late ! too late" ?

He'd cruelly passed over life's narrowing track,
Till remorse claimed its own—for that never turns back ;
And sins scarce remembered, remembered too late,
Grew black as he saw them from heaven's barred gate.

'Twas in vain that he strove to speak, to say
Those sweet old words, "Forgive, I pray,"
Sin's last cry ; he was silent there ;
He was dumb with such woeful need of prayer.

Then voices seemed floating on every breeze :
"Ye did it to these. Ye did it to these.
Go hence, be homeless, go starve and freeze ;
Ye did it to these. Ye did it to these.

"And when you are faint and weary with woe,
You will still hear the shout, you will still feel the blow,
While a voice from which you'll never be free
Will whisper beside you, 'Ye did it to me.' "

But hark! What melody over him rolls?
Do the angels sing requiems over lost souls?
His last hope has fled. In an agony new
He awoke—to find himself in his pew.

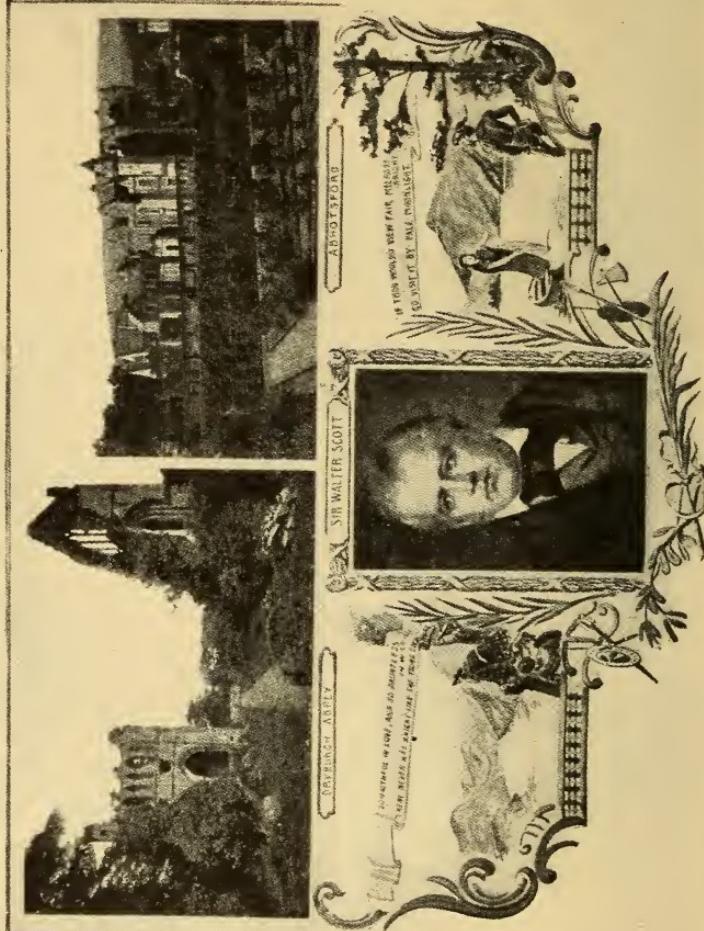
What his dumb friends thought, none ever knew,
When food was plenty and blows were few;
But the teacher who follows us ever, it seems,
Gives his strongest lessons, sometimes, in dreams.

—*Western Humane Journal.*

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*Lowell.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS HOME



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was one of the most beloved poets and story writers of Scotland. He was called the "Wizard of the North," because it seemed as if he could think back hundreds of years and picture to us how the people lived and what they did in those olden times.

He dearly loved horses and dogs, and one of the greatest delights of his life was his companionship with these dumb creatures.

For a time he served in the Cavalry Militia and every morning he would visit his horse and feed him from his own hands.

His biographer says, "As to the dogs, whether it were Camp, a bull terrier, and long a special favorite, or Douglas and Percy, his gray hounds, or noble Maida, his stag hound, whose monument still attracts the notice of the visitor as he enters the hall at Abbotsford—for all these in succession, and the countless terriers, their contemporaries, a window of his study always stood open, by which they might pass to and fro as the humor took them."

During his last illness he loved to have his dogs lick his hands and show their affection for him.

THE HORSE, THE DOG AND THE MAN.

The horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence;

Said the horse to the dog, "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense

In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands, do you?"

And the dog looked solemn and slowly said: "I cannot say that I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them, "Stay!

You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away!

You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why should you treat me so?

As I am God made me, and He knows best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt you! You see

We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!

God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail

To do the artistic thing, as He did in furnishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs and were deaf to
his pitiful cries,
And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through
happy and dazzled eyes :
“How trim he appears,” the horse exclaimed, “since his awkward
thumbs are gone !
For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on !”

“Still, it seems to me,” the dog replied, “that there’s something
else to do ;
His ears look rather too long for me, and how do they look to
you ?”
The man cried out : “Oh, spare my ears ! God fashioned them,
as you see,
And if you apply your knife to them you’ll surely disfigure me !”

“But you didn’t disfigure me, you know,” the dog decisively said,
“When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to
the top of my head !”
So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped
his ears away,
And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they !

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!
Such things are ended now, you know; we have reached a higher
stage!

The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear,
And the cruel horse and dog look on and never appear to care!

—*S. E. Kiser.*

THE BAD BOYS AND THE KITTEN.

A kind-hearted woman was taking a walk not long ago not far from the John B. Drake School on Calumet Ave. in Chicago. As she passed along she noticed a number of boys on a vacant lot who were talking loud and fast and seemed to be very much excited.

She thought she would see what interested them so much and when she reached them she found that they had a poor forlorn kitten, which they had found somewhere, and they were about to bury it alive in a hole which they had already dug. The miserable little creature was a pitiable sight. Its ribs could be plainly seen and it mewed so plaintively, as if to beg mercy from its tormentors.

The lady was shocked to think that any boys could be so cruel as to think for a moment of burying a poor little kitten alive and tried to persuade them not to do it. But they were so hard hearted that they had no pity and would not give up their plan.

After talking with them some time she finally induced them to let her have the kitten and so saved its life. She then sent it to some friends of hers in the country, who cared for it so well that it soon became a fine looking cat and the pet of the family.

What kind of men do you think those cruel boys will make when they grow up? If they do not mend their ways they will make the men who beat their wives and children, and fill our prisons.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

I heard a voice through leafy coverts ringing,
 “My peaceful home is here;
I fold my wings over my tender nestlings,
 At night I feel no fear;
But when the day is bright and glad around me,
 And I would venture from my hidden nest,
My mother-heart with dread and fear is crying,
 ‘Do not my home molest!
 Be merciful to me
 If thou wouldest blessed be.’”

I saw a child rest on his mother’s bosom,
 So warm and close and dear;
In loving arms the mother gently held him
 Safe from all harm and fear.

With frightened eyes a starving little kitten
Peeped through the door, I heard its plaintive cry :
“I am bereft of mother-love and comfort,
Oh, help me or I die !
Be merciful to me
If thou wouldest blessed be.”

I heard a voice, heartrending in its pathos,
A voice so clear and strong.
It told me of a faithful love unequaled,
As firm as life is long.
Stronger than man’s, because unselfish, patient,
A love that naught but death itself could still.
It was a dog, neglected, starved, forsaken,
Yet pleading for good will :
“Be merciful to me
If thou wouldest blessed be.”

I saw a horse plod o’er the dusty highway
With toiling step and slow ;
His fading eyes and drooping head asked mercy,
He got instead a blow.
And as he struggled on his weary journey
With painful effort faithful to the end,
I seemed to hear an inward voice repeating,
“Who will this message send ?

Be merciful to me
If thou wouldest blessed be."

And then, far off, I heard a chorus singing,
Sweet voices in the sky.

I prayed the crowd to stay awhile and listen,
They paused, and then passed by:

* * * * *

"Blessed are the merciful, blessed are the merciful,
For they, for they shall mercy receive.

Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these
Ye did it unto Me.

To the least of these, to the least, the least of these."

—A. H. S.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Onward we are spurning,
Trampling one another!
While we are only yearning
At the name of "Brother."

—Gerald Massey.

HOW THE CHINESE TREAT ANIMALS.

Although we know more about the Chinese people than we did years ago, yet we are finding out more and more all the time.

A gentleman traveled on horseback through a part of China, and he tells us that the Chinese people are very kind to animals. They do not whip and lash their mules and ponies as many cruel men do with us when they get angry, but they are kind and patient even with the bad tempered mules until they become tame and obedient.

He said that he never saw a runaway mule or pony in the hands of a Chinaman, but the animals will work cheerfully and keep a good pace over good and bad roads, and are ready to do all they can to please their masters. They turn them to the right or left by a "turr" or "chuck" and can do this almost without pulling on the lines. He said that he had often seen a little boy lead a sheep through a crowded street or alley and the whole crowd would follow. He says they care for their cattle, pigs and birds just as well.

About one-fourth of all the people living in the world are Chinese—something like four hundred million of men, women and children; and if they are all as kind to their animals as this traveler describes they act as a fine example, and we surely ought to try to do as well as they.

THE REAL GOOD.

“What is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood.
“Order,” says the law court;
“Knowledge,” says the school;
“Truth,” said the wise man;
“Pleasure,” said the fool;
“Love,” said the maiden;
“Beauty,” said the page;
“Freedom,” said the dreamer;
“Home,” said the sage;
“Fame,” said the soldier;
“Equity,” the seer—
Spake my heart full sadly:
“The answer is not here.”
Then, within my bosom,
Softly, this I heard:
“Each heart holds the secret—
Kindness is the word.”

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE CRIPPLE BOY AND THE HORSE.

The world loves a boy with a kind heart, who is thinking how he can remove pain and sorrow and make someone happy. In the life of every boy there comes to him almost every day some way by which he can make the world a little better. It may be nothing but a kind word or a pleasant smile, or a cup of cold water to one who is thirsty.

Some years ago, in Minneapolis, in front of a large building in the heart of the city there was a poor little crippled boy who used to stand selling papers. Every one who passed by and saw him must have felt sorry for him, for he suffered from paralysis, so that he had to stand on crutches.

But this poor boy, although he was not beautiful to look at, and never would be anything but a hopeless cripple, had a noble heart, ever ready to help the weak and unfortunate.

One day a loaded wagon was left near where he was standing on his crutches selling papers. In some way he saw that the poor horse had a raw shoulder and that the collar which pressed upon it caused the horse great pain. Some people would have stopped a moment and said, "How I pity that poor horse! It is a shame that people will be so cruel as to drive a horse with raw sores on his shoulders," and then pass on and leave the poor horse to his fate, to bear the pain as best he could.

But the boy did not take that course. He began to look about to see how he could relieve the poor animal. Finding nothing better, he ripped the cloth and cushion from the top of his crutch, and then he tied it on the horse's collar with two

strings, so as to protect the sore spot. Then he hobbled back to his place on his bare crutch and began to sell papers as before.

He did not know it, but he was a prince in disguise and the ragged coat which he wore, covered a heart full of sympathy even for the friendless suffering beasts.

—Adapted.

THE MERCIFUL SPORTSMAN.

I go a-gunning but take no gun,
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul.
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook
Are never brought down by a rifle shot,
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish that swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I—
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game,
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled:
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern,
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away, for the hunt in the fern scented wood,
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away, for the fish by the moss bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod:
There are plenty of fish yet left in the stream
For the angler who has no rod.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

THE FAITHFUL HORSE.

In Philadelphia an old man was leading a thin old horse across the commons in the northern part of the city when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I am looking for a little green grass for the poor beast," he answered.

"I would send him to the bone yard or the glue factory," said the other with a sneer.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice; "if he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that are gone, and the children who are living, had played with their arms around his neck and their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he has carried us to mill and to meeting, and please God, he shall die like an honorable old horse and I will bury him with these old hands. Nobody shall ever abuse old Bill, for if I go before him, there are those who are paid to care for him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had spoken first. "There is a difference in people."

"Yes, and in horses, too," said the old man as he passed on with his four-footed friend.

—Adapted.

BUILDING OF THE NEST.

They'll come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair;—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow,
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

—*Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.*

THE TAMED BRONCHO.

There is a kind-hearted gentleman in California, a Mr. Hill, who, a short time ago, owned a broncho which he could never saddle without first tying, throwing to the ground and blinding. As my friend was such a lover of animals and so gentle with everything living on his ranch, I asked him why he was so severe with the broncho.

Mr. Hill replied:

"It is the nature of the brute to be ugly, and we always have to rope him before we can do anything with him. It is common with bronchos."

I had no doubt he was right, but it seemed a cruel thing to keep an animal for use which had to be dealt with so harshly. Sometime afterward I was camping near an old log road in the mountains near Mr. Hill's ranch. One bright morning I heard a clear whistle just as I was building my fire to put on the coffee. It came from the road and there I saw a boy of about eighteen years coming along with a bridle on his arm. He whistled again a few times and then I heard a whinny in the distance. Along the road came galloping a fine gray pony with ears erect and mane and tail flying in the wind. On he came with flashing eyes, as if expecting the greatest pleasure of his life. Within a few rods of the boy he slowed down into a swinging trot, and then came to a stand where he could rub his nose against the shoulder of the boy.

He arched his neck and pressed it against the boy with a

low whinny, which could not be mistaken. It meant to say to the boy, "I love you."

It is twenty years since I saw that scene on that bright morning, but the memory of it is as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday. I can taste the very sweetness of the mountain air, and the tender blue mist which hung about the distant hills is plain to see in memory today, and I can see that handsome boy hugging his favorite pony and receiving in return all the affection which a loving horse knows how to give.

I knew the boy well, so asked him where he got the pony.

"Out of Hill's drove."

"You don't mean to say he's a broncho! He is too kind and handsome."

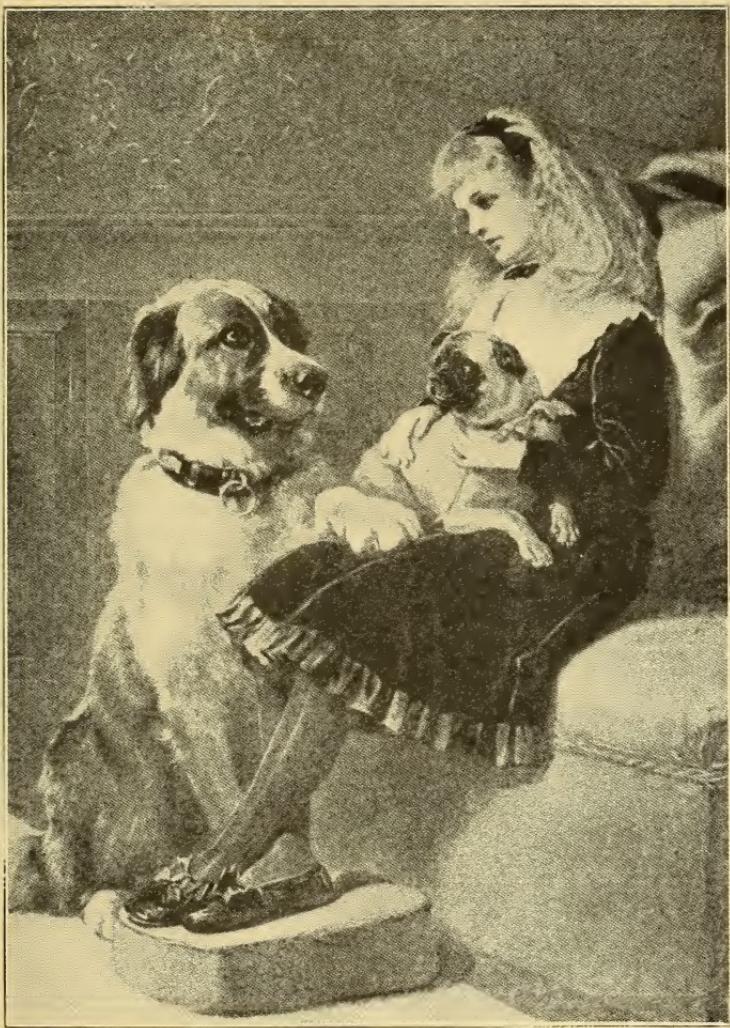
"He is a broncho."

"How did you break him? I supposed those fellows always had to be roped before they could be ridden."

"Now don't you believe a word of it. The pony is the one Mr. Hill has been riding for two years, and every time he used him he had to rope him, blind him, pound him and tear the ground up with him. But that was because the men who handled him did not take time to get his good will. I have owned him three months and in all that time I haven't even spoken a cross word to him—have I, Dick?"

This proved to me that even a kind-hearted man may be mistaken in regard to what is necessary for a brute.

—*Adapted.*



A CHILD OF SEVEN

*From painting by
H. Hardy*

A CHILD OF SEVEN.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds of earth may bring
 All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters, winsome word.

Wind in warm, warm weather :
One thing yet there is, that none,
Hearing ere its chimes be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,

Hoped in heaven hereafter ;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very round and very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
Where the soul of all delight

Fills a child's clear laughter.
Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold,

Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale, why, then,

Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

—*Algernon C. Swinburne.*

SENATOR VEST'S SPEECH ON THE DOG.

Years ago in Missouri George Vest, who afterwards became senator from that state, was engaged to try a suit against a man who had shot another man's dog. Here is the closing address he made to the jury:

“Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its clouds upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” the senator continued, “a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and



THE DOG

F. Paton

sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave-side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

WHISTLE AWAY.

Whistle away, my merry boy,
With happy face and heart of joy;
If it will help you to be strong,
Whistle a tune when things are wrong;
And whistling lightens it for you
If e'er your task is hard to do,
Whether it be sowing seeds,
Hoeing the corn or pulling weeds,
Gathering fruit or raking hay,
Or driving cows—whistle away.
Whistle a tune, if you can't sing,
And that should seem the next best thing
That you can do. Perhaps 'twill cheer
The hearts of some who chance to hear.
Better to whistle than to pout
And scold and fret, no one can doubt;
So keep a merry heart, my lad,
And thus make other people glad;
Do all the good you can each day,
And, as you toil, whistle away.

—*Toronto Truth.*

THE BRAVE KANGAROO.

In Australia there is a strange animal called the kangaroo. It has large, powerful hind legs, but very small front legs. Instead of running, it leaps fifteen or twenty feet at a bound, and so can get over the ground very rapidly and can easily out-distance a horse or a dog.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following:

The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside of his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one suffering from thirst from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her babe was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking it was replaced in the pouch and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye witness was so affected by the scene, that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

—*Adapted.*

USED TO KILL BIRDS.

I used to kill birds in my boyhood—
 Bluebirds and robins and wrens;
I hunted them up in the mountains,
 I hunted them down in the glens.
I never thought it was sinful—
 I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest
 With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one beautiful day in the spring-time
 I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
 As happy as bird could be;
And raising my gun in a twinkling,
 I fired, and my aim was too true,
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
 Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
 And there, to my sorrow, I found,
Right close to its nest full of young ones,
 The little bird dead on the ground!
Poor birdies! For food they were calling,
 But now they could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird who had loved them
 Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee motherly thing
That could never more feed its dear young ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
And I made a firm vow in that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was stirred,
That never again in my lifetime
Would I shoot a poor innocent bird !

—*Boyce's Monthly.*

GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE MOTHER-BIRD.

George Stephenson, a Scotsman, was one of the world's most important inventors. He is sometimes spoken of as "the inventor of the railroad." Today our country and all civilized countries are covered all over with a network of railways. What could the world do without them? Perhaps you imagine that we must always have had railroads. It does seem so. But this George Stephenson is believed to have been the first man ever to have thought of a locomotive; at least, the first to make and use one.

There had indeed been a few short railroads; that is, a kind of road made with a rail track for wagons to run on; wagons drawn by horses. Watt and others had invented and made steam engines, with steam as the motive power. But that was what is called a "stationary engine." A "traveling engine" was quite another thing. And it was Stephenson who had the inventive wit to think of that.

Perhaps you wonder that somebody didn't happen to think of this matter of the "traveling engine" and railroads sooner. Too bad the world had to wait so long for it. For it was not until 1825 that the first railroad was opened, that between Stockton and Darlington in England.

But—lest we forget it—here is the story of Mr. Stephenson and his kind and beautiful thought about some little birds, and the mother-bird with the broken heart:

One day he went to an upper room in his house to close a window that had been left open for a long time. Two or three days afterward, as he was walking by, he noticed a bird dashing against the closed window with all its might, as if determined to break it. Wondering what the bird wanted, he thought he would open the window and see.

At once the bird flew in and went to a particular corner of the room, where, as Mr. Stephenson found, it had its nest. The bird, looking at it a moment, fluttered down to the floor as if broken-hearted. The little ones in the nest were all dead! They had had nothing to eat for so long. Coming to the nest and finding the mother-bird and her four little ones all apparently dead, his own heart was well-nigh broken. Taking up the mother-bird from the floor, he found the worm still in her beak which she had struggled so hard to get to them. Holding the bird in his strong, gentle hand he tried to revive it, but in vain. It was dead. And the great inventor mourned for it many a day.

—*Dr. Simeon Gilbert.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

But who shall speak for those whose mouths are dumb?
The poor, brave brutes, with patient eyes, and feet that go and come
To do our bidding, toiling on without reward or fee,
Wearing their very lives away, poor things, for you and me;
The brave dumb things! no voice have they to say, "Why do ye so?
Am I not man's most faithful slave, his friend and not his foe?
Give me one kind, caressing word, undo this heavy load,
Nor torture me along the way with whip and thong and goad."

THE OBLIGING DOG.

Prince was a large shepherd dog that was very much attached to his master's horses and spent nearly all his time with them either in the stable or pasture. One day two of these horses were turned out in a small field for exercise.

On the other side of one of the fences was a nice bundle of cornstalks which had fallen from a load the day before. The horses saw it, and stretched their necks over the fence to reach it, but could not.

Prince was there with his horse friends, as usual, and soon took in the situation.

He then trotted off to a place where one of the lower fence boards was missing, and then he went back to the bundle of stalks and dragged it to the hole in the fence and pulled it through.

Of course the horses were highly pleased with this arrangement and began to eat the stalks at once, while Prince stood by panting, but wagging his tail, and was as well pleased as the horses.

This is a true story, and it shows that good people are not the only ones who are kind and obliging to each other.

—*Adapted.*

RING THE BELLS IN YOUR STEEPLES.

Ring, bells, once again in your steeples!

And tell the old story again;

The beautiful hope for the dying,

The balm to the spirit in pain;

The help to the feeble that stumble,

The pardon to sinners that fall;

But, ah! *for the “dumb, driven cattle”*

Ring clearest of all!

For man can cry out in his trouble,

And tear-drops may heal as they flow,

But they in sad silence must suffer,

With never a voice for their woe;

In cold of the pitiless winter,

In heats of a mid-summer sun,

There's never an end to their labor

Till life's work is done.

Dear bells, as you swing in your steeples,
 Above all the jar of the earth,
Sing low of *the ox by the manger*,
 Afar in the place of His birth;
And sing of the sheep on the hill-sides,
 The poor, patient ass in his stall;
Of all weary beasts that must perish,
 Sing clearest of all.

Oh, man! looking up to the Father!
 With trust in His infinite grace,
Look down, in your turn, on His creatures,
 That know but the light of your face,
That know but the warmth of your loving,
 That wince at a word or a blow;
Ah! all of the depths of their anguish
 No mortal may know.

—*Mary Riddell Corley.*

WADE HAMPTON AND HIS CAT.

Wade Hampton, a prominent officer in the Confederate army during the Civil War, was noted for his daring exploits. He afterwards became governor of South Carolina, his native state.

Before his election he had an immense Maltese cat named Tom, which measured three feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Tom was his constant companion, and

after Mr. Hampton became governor, was with him when he took his daily walks.

Sometimes the governor would go out on horseback, but this made no difference to Tom, for he would trudge along at the horse's side, perfectly satisfied so long as he could "keep up," or even keep his master in sight.

When Mr. Hampton was elected governor it was a serious blow to Tom, for he could not be with his master all day as before. He adapted himself to the situation after a time by escorting his master to the gate in the morning and each afternoon he would go to the gate again a little before the time when the governor would return, and wait for him.

At one time the governor met with an accident and was brought home severely injured. His condition was so serious that strict orders were given that no one should be admitted to see him, but it was not long before Tom was allowed to enter the sick room and became a sympathizing attendant.

—*Adapted.*

THE HORSE'S PRAYER.

In a country church on a winter night
There was warmth and cheer, and a brilliant light
Shone from the chandeliers in ruddy glow
On the faces bright of the crowd below.

All were warmly clad in their winter's dress,
With a carpet soft for their feet to press.

When the pastor knelt and in silent prayer
Asked the Father's aid and protecting care,

Fell a sacred hush—for a form divine
Seemed to hover now by that hallowed shrine.
With a thankful joy was his warm heart thrilled
As he rose and glanced o'er the house well filled.

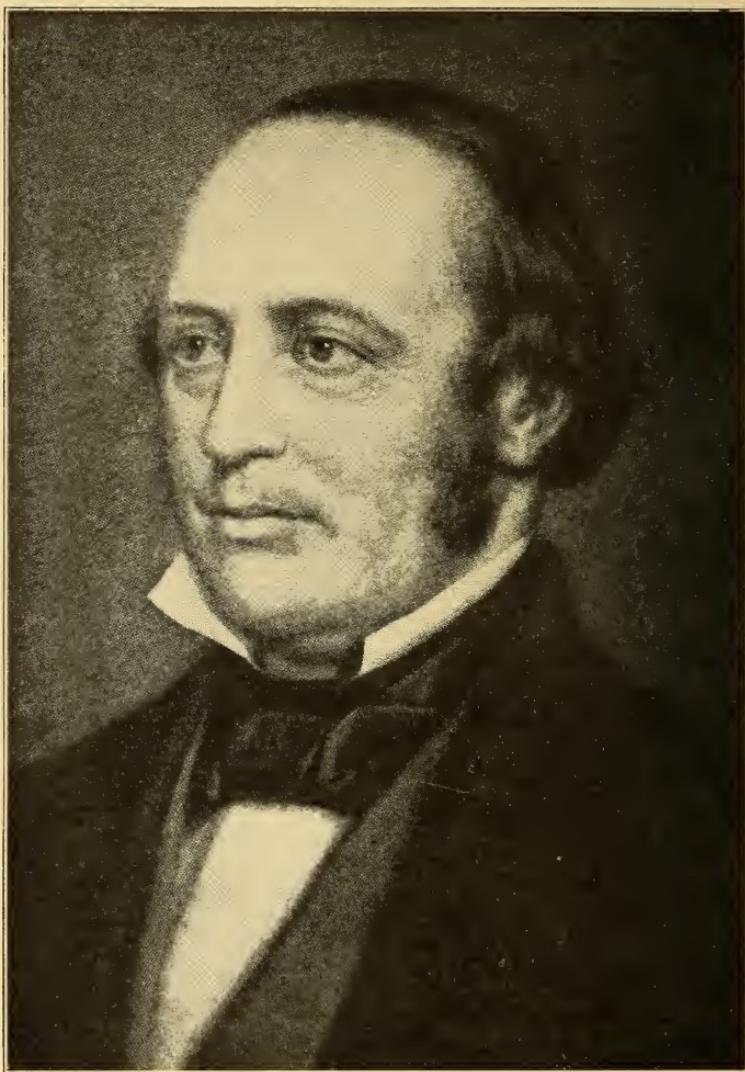
And he offered thanks that their hearts were right,
As their presence proved on that winter night.
They had braved the blast and the stinging cold
For the sacred courts of the sheltering fold.

For his text he chose Matthew five and seven,
“To the merciful shall mercy be given.”
And he proved on earth such would blessing gain
And the final rest of the blest obtain.

Then they sang, “Praise God whence all blessings flow,
And all creatures join in His praise below.”
In the snow—outside—where the wind blew cold.
Stood a poor old horse with no sheltering fold.

Does the poor old horse thus the penance pay
For the sins of men while they praise and pray:
Through the summer's heat and the winter's chill,
As he faithfully serves his master's will?

—S. J. Stevens.



LOUIS AGASSIZ

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Have you never wondered how we can know so much about animals, fishes, birds and insects? How do men find out so much about them—their ways of life, and what we call their instincts?

There are men who seem to be born for the purpose of finding out these things and then telling us what they have learned.

Louis Agassiz was one of these, for when he was a little child he began to take delight in birds and beasts, fishes and insects, and he felt toward them as if they were his friends.

When he was a little older he was never so happy as when tramping the fields or searching along the banks of a lake or stream to find some new creature. When he was in college he was familiar with every beast, knew the different kinds of birds from hearing their songs when far away, and could give the names of all the fishes in the water.

He was very fond of pets, and at one time had about forty birds in his room, which made their home in a small pine tree, which he had set up in one corner.

He started in the world as a poor boy, but he became one of the most learned men of his time. He made known to us a great many things about the world we live in and the creatures who live in it, that we did not know before.

He had also a noble character and was as good as he was great.

THE STORY OF WILSON'S BRONCO.

FOUNDED ON A RECENT OCCURRENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

The night was heavy and hot and dry,
With scarce a star in the sultry sky,
For Santa Monica's mountain knew
No rain for long and no freshening dew.
My little bronco, my pet and pride,
I fed and watered, and safely tied,
And, all alone in my cabin, fell
Asleep.

* * * *

Not day! 'twas a flaming hell
I saw when waking—the woods ablaze
With smoke that stifles and flame that plays;
Near, nearer now, as I reached my door
They roared all round me. One chance, no more!

* * * *

I seized my blanket, and soaked it through
In yonder bucket—half wrung, 'twill do!
Now, Don, my mustang, no mountain deer
More fleet and nimble—brave boy, come here!
The blanket over his head I flung,
Just space to see and to breathe, and swung
Myself, half scorched, on his back, grasped tight
His bridle—quickly he guessed aright.

Across our way spread the flaming wall,
Trees, grass and thickets were blazing all.

* * * *

Safety at last in sight !

Now Don went slower, with panting breath,
And I felt faint from that fight with death.
We gained the house, and they said Don earned
A hero's medal—his legs all burned,
And sides scorched sorely—yet when I took
His blanket off, *such a loving look*
Beamed on me out of his bright brown eye :
It made me long like a child to cry.
I'm crying now, while the tale I tell,
But Don, thank heaven, will soon be well,
And I shall, too, and my mustang still
Shall be my darling, and have his fill,
And ne'er be sold while I live to care
For one who loved me, nor feared to dare
That flaming gallop.
A hero this horse of mine
I think may count for, though ne'er a line
Of stirring ballad may be his share ;
Just these plain words for his love and care.

—Ursula Tannenforst.

THE STORY OF RAGGLES, THE INDIAN PONY.

Raggles was a scrubby little Indian pony which had been cruelly turned out on the bare prairie in Western Kansas to shift for himself.

He was a sorry looking little fellow, as he stood one morning, shivering in the cold wind, before the gate of a large cattle ranch owned by a Mr. Hudson.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away, but his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry," and Mr. Hudson opened the gate and he walked in as if he were at home. Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but could find no owner, so Lillian claimed him and named him "Raggles," because of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature and Lillian soon learned to ride him over the prairies with her father.

Next fall a public school was started two miles away and every day Lillian would ride Raggles to the school and then send him home. About half-past three in the afternoon, Mr. Hudson would saddle him and send him for Lillian. If he got to the school too early he would wait patiently at the door till it was out.

In the year 1885 there was a terrible blizzard in that country, when many people lost their lives and many thousands of cattle were frozen to death. This was the time that Lillian was attending the school.

The storm began at noon, and it became terribly cold. The snow blew so thick and fast and the air was so filled with blind-

ing particles that men could see only a few feet, and some were lost and frozen to death while trying to get from their barns back to their houses.

Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Ruggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was ill and there was no one else to go. She went to the barn, put the saddle on him and tied on plenty of warm wraps. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand and trotted off in the direction of the school house.

An hour passed slowly to the waiting parents. When two hours had passed their anxiety was terrible, but soon after the shaggy form of Ruggles was seen through the blinding snow, with Lillian safely on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given Ruggles the rein, and with wonderful intelligence and endurance he had battled his way through the storm, and Lillian was no worse for her ride except for being thoroughly chilled.

—*J. E. Stevens; Adapted from Our Dumb Animals.*

WHAT A SOLDIER DID.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

'Twas at the battle of Resaca,
In Georgia's fair domain,
And the gray and the blue were in deadly strife,
And the bullets were falling like rain.

They were near a deserted southern home,
Whence the people had fled in fear;
Forgetting the dear little tri-colored cat,
Which still by its home, lingered near.

But lonely and hungry and frightened now,
It uttered a pitiful cry;
In a moment of silence it fell on the ear
Of the boys in blue near by.

And a soldier brave, with pity heard
That plaintive, beseeching "mew,"
For a tender as well as a loyal heart
Beat under that coat of blue.

With no thought of the danger or risk of life,
Of the terrible rain of shot,
The roar of the cannon and burst of shell,
He heard but heeded not.

But springing over the sheltering pile
Of rails that hid him from view,
He rescued the poor little trembling thing,
And back to his post he flew.

And when the noise of the battle ceased,
The kitten went with them away;
And many a weary hour she beguiled
With her antics and graceful play.

Do you say 'twas an act of little note
To rescue a worthless cat?
Yet the angels, I think, looked down that day
On no manlier deed than that.

—H. M. Haight.

HENRY M. STANLEY AND THE CAT.

Henry M. Stanley became a famous man by making a daring journey to the heart of Africa. The hardships and dangers he went through are beyond description, for he traveled through long distances of swamps and forests, where white men are in great danger of dying from fevers and other diseases.

Some parts of the country were occupied by savages, who tried to kill him and his men, and, but for his brave spirit, he never would have come back alive. They had to travel on foot for many hundreds of miles, and all their food, their supplies and their guns had to be carried on men's backs. His carriers were natives, whom he hired. Sometimes these men would not obey him, but turned against him, and then he was in great danger of his life, but his bold spirit quelled them and carried him through.

Upon his return he went to London and wrote a book called "Through the Dark Continent." We never fully appreciate our homes until we go away from them and find out how much they mean to us. After Stanley had been away from his home, going through all kinds of discomfort, he finally returned and enjoyed it more than ever before.

When writing his book he had to draw a good many maps and charts, which he used to spread out upon the floor.

A cat which belonged to the house took a great liking to Mr. Stanley because he used to pet her, and after a time she became his constant companion. One day the cat curled upon one of these charts and went to sleep.

Soon, when Mr. Stanley wanted to use the chart and his assistant was about to drive out poor puss, Mr. Stanley stopped him, saying, "Don't disturb the cat; we can get on without the chart until she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that English cat, cosily curled up before a fire, is to me, you would not wish to have her move." So puss slept on.

After having lived amongst wild and savage tribes of men, amid sights very often brutal and shocking, the very opposite of those in refined and cultivated England, the sight of that cat resting so comfortably before the hearth gave him a sense of peace, quiet and happiness. How different was Mr. Stanley from the cruel people who, when they move from their houses, turn their cats out of doors and leave them to starve and to be chased by savage dogs and bad boys.

KING RHOUD AND THE BIRD.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

A warrior bold was brave King Rhoud,
But a tender heart had he,
And he heard one day as he walked through the wood
A bird moaning piteously:
"Poor thing! it is surely in pain!" he cried
To his courtier standing by.
"Perchance that may be!" the earl replied,
"But no time for birds have I!"
Then, without a word, the lithe young king

Climbed up the tree like a boy,
And rescued the bird with the drooping wing,
And carried it home with joy.

'Twas in time of war, and throughout the land
Bold traitors were plotting how
They could wrest the sceptre from Rhoud's strong hand
And snatch the crown from his brow;
And that very day, 'neath the palace wall,
Two wicked villains had said
They would let, at night, a loose plank fall
From the ceiling above his head—
The while on his couch the monarch slept—
And crush him to death by the blow,
But, how it all happened, none except
Themselves would ever know.

* * * *

It was late that night when King Rhoud sought
His rest, with a conscience clear
Toward God and man, and never a thought
Of the danger lurking near!
And sound had he slept—to waken no more!—
When lo! in the stillness he heard
Again and again, as he heard before
In the woods, the cry of the bird.
“Poor little thing! perchance it may need

Fresh water," the monarch said;
And, tarrying not to do the kind deed,
He sprang at once from his bed.

Just then the ceiling above fell down.
And the plank crushed the couch below;
And all in the palace and all in the town
Ran aimlessly to and fro;
For with dread forebodings their hearts were filled
And swiftly the panic spread,
When a herald cried, "King Rhoud is killed!
He is crushed to death in his bed!"
But lo! before them unharmed he stood
With the bird he had saved that day;
"Fear not," he said; "our God is good—
He guards us from ill alway;
Nor scorns He ever the slightest thing,
For all may fulfil His word;
And since a wee bird can save a king
Should the king not save a bird?"

—*Emma E. Brown.*

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Did you ever hear of a pigeon telegraph system? That sounds rather curious does it not, but pigeons are very swift on the wing, and long before the days of telegraphs and telephones many messages were sent great distances by trained carrier pigeons. Away back in old Egypt, in the days of the Pharaohs, and in the other Oriental countries, these birds were used to carry important news. Especially were they used by sea-faring men, who carried them on their ships in readiness to convey messages back to those at home. The buying and selling of carrier pigeons was a very important business in those days. There are even inscriptions on some of the old Egyptian monuments telling of messages received in this way.

In Greece and Rome, pigeons carried messages. All sorts of messages these were too—sometimes friendly notes and again most important state dispatches. We read in many books how for years these birds were used all over Europe. When I tell you that pigeons can travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and can continue for several hours without rest, you can see that in the days when there were no telephones, telegraphs or trains, the pigeons were very important helpers of man.

In olden times, towns were built in Eastern countries as stations for the carrier pigeons, and at these places large numbers of birds were kept. They flew back and forth at regular times with messages which sometimes were fastened to the leg or body of the bird, or to the under part of the wing. These messages were always written in a small hand and on very thin

paper, so that it could be folded in a tiny package, for if at all heavy or bulky it would hinder the flight of the bird. Does this way of sending messages from tower to tower make you think of our wireless telegraph system with its towers or poles for stations?

You have heard, I am sure, of Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer. When he left his home near Christiana to explore the north-pole regions, he took with him a favorite pigeon, and when hundreds of miles away let it go with a message of love to his dear family.

One day Mrs. Nansen heard a picking sound on the window-pane, and lo! there was the favorite dove waiting to be let in. How eagerly she opened the window and took in the bird. The message told of the safety of her husband.

In times of war, carrier pigeons have been of great value in sending word from one part of the army to another or in sending messages from those inside a besieged city to friends outside. Sometimes the enemy would use trained hawks to attack and injure the pigeons so that they would fall to the ground. For this reason several pigeons were often sent out at the same time with the same message, so that one would be quite apt to safely reach its destination. Sometimes, too, in order to conceal the important message, a code system was used. During the siege of Paris, pigeons were regularly sent between Paris and Tours. It is stated that two million dispatches were carried back and forth in this way. The pigeons were carried out of Paris in balloons.

I am sure some of you are wondering how the pigeons knew where to go. Do you think that a pigeon can be trained as are dogs and ponies? Not at all, but this is the way: at first the bird is taken in a basket or box only a short distance from home and freed; the next time, farther, and so on until experience and strength have been gained and the birds trained to find the way home.

Their first wish when set free is to get home as soon as possible. Straight up in the air they rise to quite a height, swift as an arrow from a bow, then circling around three times, get their bearings and start off in a direct line for their home.

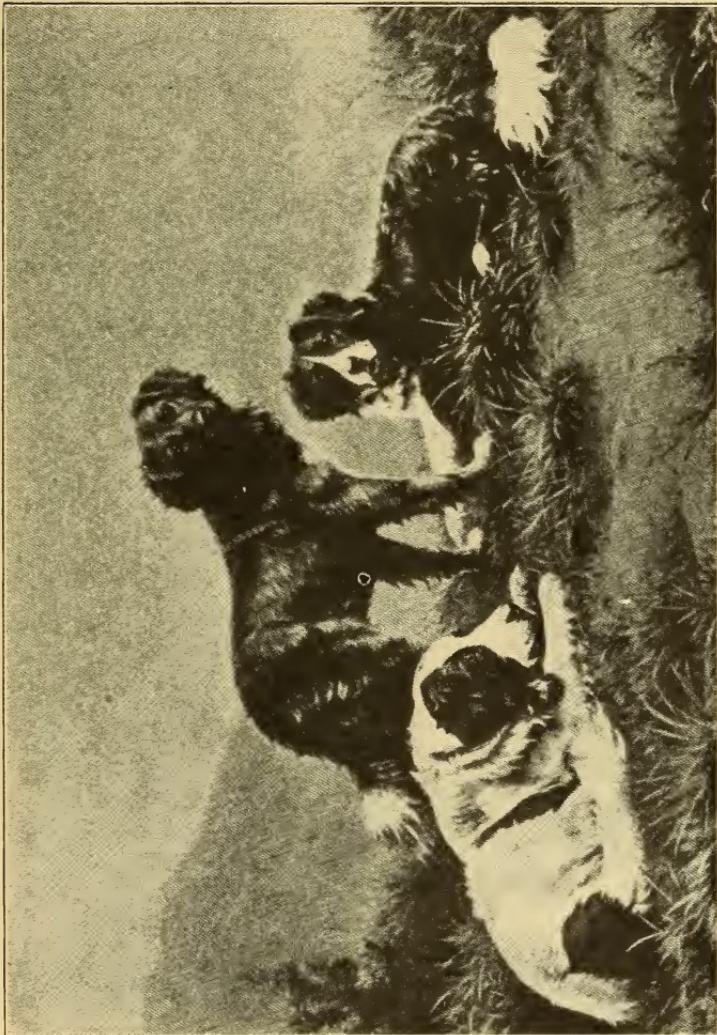
Pigeons are very strong on the wing, even flying fast against a strong wind. They have great keenness of sight. They can see much farther than a person.

Whenever we think of a dove or pigeon, we think of their gentleness. Their soft cooings in the dove cote, or on the roof of the barn, is soothing and pleasant to hear. They certainly are a lesson to us, since, with all their gentleness and courage, they have such wonderful endurance and so strong a love of home.

—Adapted.

From painting by J. Detker

ST. BERNARD DOGS



ST. BERNARD DOGS.

In Europe there is a high range of mountains called the Alps. There are a few places where they can be crossed and these are called passes. In winter time the roads are often blocked with snow and many travelers have lost their lives by reason of the deep snow and cold.

On the top of one of these passes is a monastery called "St. Bernard," where kind-hearted monks live, and where travelers can stop for rest and refreshment. These monks keep large dogs which have been named "St. Bernard dogs," and when there is a heavy snow storm and cold weather, they fasten little casks of cordial to the necks of the dogs and send them out to find travelers who may be lost in the snow and benumbed with the cold.

The dogs are very strong and intelligent, and have saved hundreds of lives. Some of these dogs have been brought over to our country and look like those shown in the picture.

In a single year it is said that upwards of twelve hundred people were rescued by these dogs.

SONG OF THE TRAVELLERS OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

St. Bernard is a mountain grand
As any there is in Switzerland;
And many a legend of it is told,
How Hannibal with his legions bold
Came over its pass in the days of old.
But what care we for that bygone age,

For better subjects our hearts engage
In the noble monks of St. Bernard,
Who o'er the snow region keep watch and ward.

St. Bernard owns a convent old ;
Its prior and monks are as good as gold ;
Nine hundred years or more it has stood.
And noble the deeds of its brotherhood,
And noble the deeds of its servants good—
Its servants, the grand old dogs whose name
All over the world is known to fame,
Whose service asks no greater reward
Than the love of the monks of St. Bernard.

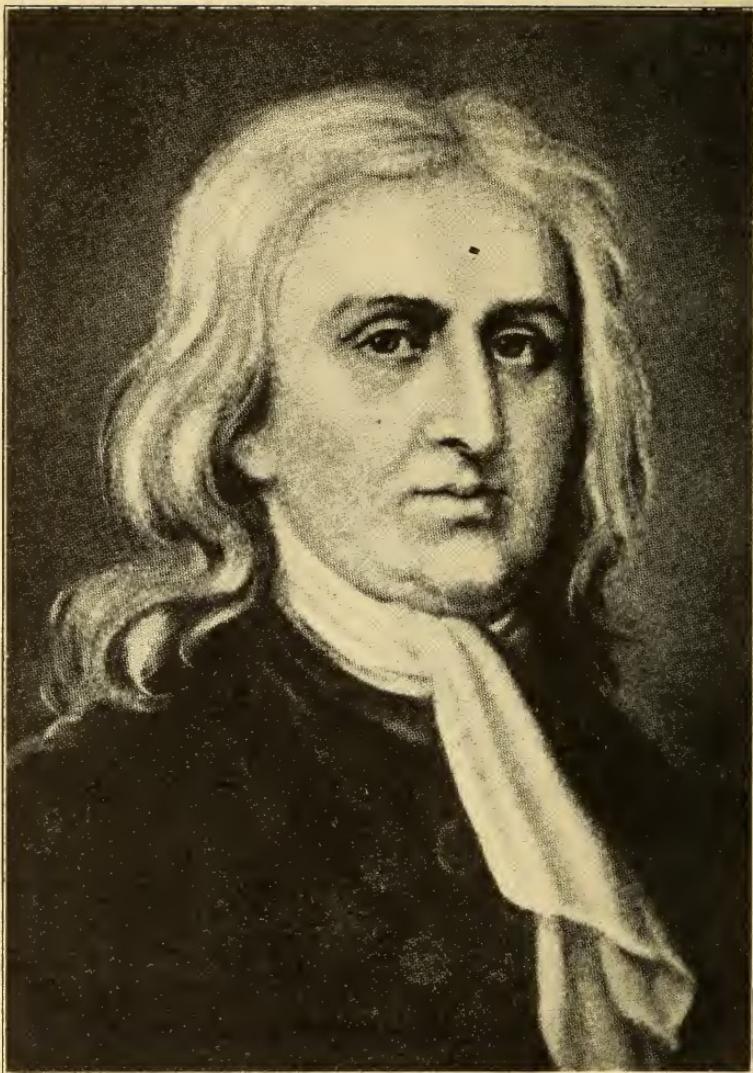
Chorus.

Then hurrah ! hurrah ! for the noble monks
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

—*The Animal World, London.*

The look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes,
These are not lost.

—*Sarah Doudney.*



SIR ISAAC NEWTON

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND HIS DOG DIAMOND.

Sir Isaac Newton was one of the most remarkable men who ever lived. He revealed the secrets of nature more than any other man ever did. The poet, Alexander Pope, in his epitaph on him, wrote these lines:

“Nature and all her works lay hid in night:
God said, ‘Let Newton be,’ and all was light.”

One day he saw an apple fall from a tree, and it set him to thinking what made it fall, and from that little incident he worked out and discovered what is called the law of gravitation, by which can be explained all the movements of the heavenly bodies.

He made the first reflecting telescope and was the first to show that light is a mixture of different colored rays. It would take a long time to tell what other wonderful things he found out, but he was so modest that at the close of his life he said that it seemed as if he were a child, and had been picking a few pebbles on the shore, leaving the great sea before him unexplored.

He had a little dog named Diamond, of which he was very fond.

One day he left Diamond in a room where he could reach some very valuable papers which had cost Sir Isaac many years of hard toil to work out. When he came back he found that the mischievous little dog had ruined the papers. It was enough to discourage any man when the labor of years was lost, but Sir Isaac said calmly, “O, Diamond, you little know what you

have done," and then patiently went to work again for long years to make the papers over again.

"THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH."

Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

*Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.*

—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE SWALLOW'S MESSAGE.

Francis Thompson was an English poet and writer, and a great lover of birds.

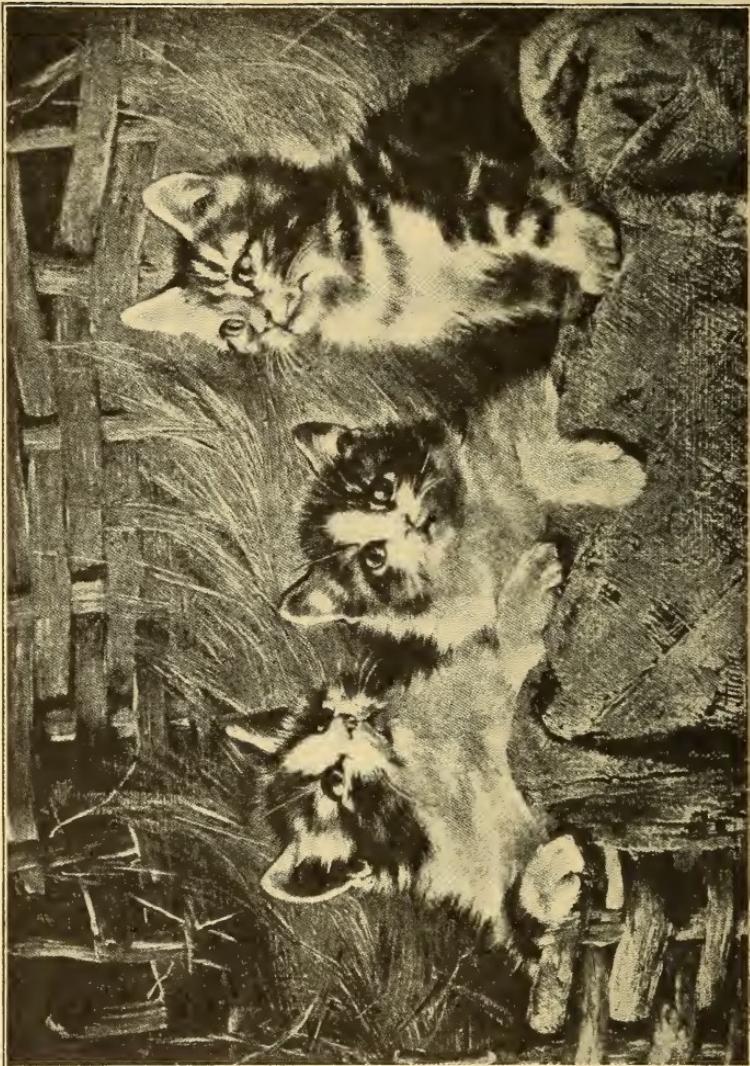
He had a beautiful garden, and in it was a nest of swallows. One day in the early autumn he caught one of these swallows and fastened to one of its wings a small piece of oiled paper on which were written the words, "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter."

The next spring the swallow came back to its nest in the garden at the usual time. Mr. Thompson observed it closely and noticed that something was fastened to one of its legs. He caught it and found a small piece of oiled paper on which were the words, "Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the north."

—Adapted.

Adam

THE THREE KITTENS



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

A FACT.

Three little kittens, so downy and soft,
Were cuddled up by the fire,
And two little children were sleeping aloft,
As cosy as heart could desire;
Dreaming of something ever so nice—
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night wore on, and the mistress said,
“I’m sleepy, I must confess,
And as kitties and babies are safe in bed,
I’ll go to bed, too, I guess.”
She went upstairs, just a story higher,
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

“What noise can that be?” the mistress said.
“Meow! meow!” “I’m afraid
A poor kitty-cat’s fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!”
“Meow! meow!” “Dear me! dear me!
I wonder what can the matter be!”

The mistress paused on an upper stair,
For what did she see below?
But three little kittens, with frightened air,
Standing up in a row!

With six little paws on the step above,
And no mother cat to caress or love !

Through the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke !
The mistress, in great alarm,
To a sense of danger straightway awoke :
Her babies might come to harm.
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,
Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,
And promised many a mouse ;
While their names were put upon honor's list,
For hadn't they saved a house ?
And two little children were gathered tight
To their mother's heart ere she slept that night.

—*House and School Visitor.*

THE BUNDLE WAS I.

A gentleman, who was the small boy of this true story, related this incident:

“My father,” said he, “was very fond of horses and generally had from one to five in his stable. Among these was Fan, the family horse and pet of all.

“She was so gentle that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head or heels just as I pleased.

“One day Fan was hitched up in a wagon and when everything was ready father jumped in, took the reins and gave the word to go. Fan did not move a step, which surprised my father very much, as she had always been very willing to go before.

“My father took the whip and lightly touched her, but still she did not stir. Then my father got out of patience and gave her a sharp stroke, when, to his wonder, he saw her lower her head and carefully take hold of a small bundle with her teeth and throw it to one side, and then she started off at a brisk trot.

“As the small bundle proved to be *I*, you can imagine that old Fan was after that petted more than ever.”

—*Adapted from Our Dumb Animals.*

GENERAL CUSTER AND THE MEADOW LARK.

Word was given; the bugle blew;
“Boots and saddles!” it signaled shrill.
Up and mount! and each horseman flew
Astride his steed with a right good-will.
Hoofs were pawing and necks were arched;
Forth from the camp the troopers marched.

In the plains they rode, where dread
Lurked with doom in the pampas-grass;
Many a serpent raised its head,
Rattling “death” from the tangled mass.
Many an Indian skulked unseen,
Spying upon them cruel-keen.

Not for these would the brave ranks swerve;
Straight in the line of march they rode.
He who would soldier must needs preserve
Heart that harbors no craven bode.
Into the prairies pressed the band,
General Custer in command.

Noon’s sun down from the zenith beat,
Scorching the earth with ruthless rays;
Over the ground the quivering heat
Rose and danced in a blinding maze.
Never a brook or a tree was there
Serving to cool the fevered air.

Every sound to heartward went;
Click of hoof or the ring of steel,
Sudden clank of accoutrement,
Never a soldier failed to feel!
While one step from the beaten course
Roused to alertness man and horse.

Gallant Custer rode ahead,
Guide and chief of a brave command!
Arrow-straight his good charger sped,
Never swerving to either hand,
*Till—a touch! and the faithful steed
Veered aside in his headlong lead.*

What had happened to force their chief
Out of his pathway? What dread foe?
He a coward? 'Twas past belief!
Still, his way must troopers go.
If the General made detour,
They must follow him, that is sure.

So each rider, as up he drew
To the place where his chief had veered,
Slackened his pace and detour made, too,
Whilst below in the grass he peered,
Wondering what he there should see,
That might baffle the cavalry.

There, deep-hid in the prairie-grass,
Lay the nest of a meadow lark.
Birdlings wee, in a fluffy mass,
Hid 'neath her wings so warm and dark.
Right in the line of march they stood—
Little mother and tiny brood.

That was all; but e'en rough hearts heed
Gentle acts, and these softlier beat
For their General's simple deed,
Done for love in its dim retreat.

That was all; *but in Custer's wake*
Rode meek men—for a mother bird's sake.

—Julie M. Lippman.

THE MONTANA MAN AND HIS HORSE.

A gentleman relates this incident: "I was traveling on the cars when I met a man with whom I engaged in conversation. He proved to be a mining engineer and prospector, who was born in Montana and had spent all his life in the mountains in search of gold mines.

"His face had the ruddy hue of health, which attested the benefits of bracing mountain air and an active out-door life.

"He told an interesting story about a horse that he once owned. The horse was a beautiful animal, but would bite and kick and stamp so badly that no one could go near him, except at great risk of getting hurt or even being killed.

"The Montana man thought he could tame this horse and bought him for twenty-five dollars against the advice of his friends. He managed to get a saddle on him and to get him out of doors and then jumped on his back. The horse went through all his wicked tricks to throw him off, but the Montana man was too good a rider and could not be thrown.

After a while the horse got tired. Then his master jumped from his back and, instead of beating and kicking him as the horse expected, he gave him several big lumps of sugar and patted his head and neck. In a short time this savage, bad horse became as gentle and docile as a kitten and would do anything he could to please his master.

"In relating the incident, the Montana man said: 'The man who abuses his horse is a brute.' "

THE SHIP AND THE SEAGULL.

The brave old skipper walked the deck,
 His daughter by his side,
As night came down with gloomy frown
 Upon the waters wide.

And merrily the ship went on
 Before the wind so free;
But the skipper knew that a storm was nigh
 By the wash of the surging sea.

And the storm came out with a shriek and a shout,
 And the billows hissed and boiled,
As along their black and their ridgy back
 The good ship strained and toiled.

“O, father dear!” she cried, and clasped
 The skipper’s horny hand;
“I wish that we saw the lights on shore,
 I wish we were near the land.”

“Nay, nay, my child; when the storm is wild.
 It is better far to be
Long leagues away from the shallow sands—
 Away from the rocky lee.”

There was no star in all the sky
 To guide the lonely bark.

As on she drove before the storm,
So dreadful and so dark.

"Oh, is it a fancy, my father, dear—
Do I wake or do I dream—
For in the lulling of the storm
I heard a strange, wild scream!"

The skipper grasped his daughter's arm,
And leaned with list'ning ear—
Upon the blast again swept past
The scream, so strange and clear.

"Down with the helm!" he shouted loud;
"Down, or we drive on shore!
For I hear the screaming of the *gull*
Above the tempest's roar."

Down went the helm, round went the ship
With a heavy lurch and strain;
And away it sped from the shore so dread
To the open sea again.

"My daughter, let us join to thank
Our Father dear in Heaven,
Who unto us so many things
Hath in His mercy given.

"He sent *that bird*, whose scream we heard
Amid the stormy roar,
To tell us danger was at hand,
And warn us from the shore.

"My daughter, there are thoughtless men,
And cruel ones as well,
Who slay the birds that on the shore
Of the wild ocean dwell.

"Ah, let them but remember child,
That every bird they slay
Might, had it lived, have saved some ship,
In some wild night or day.

"So let us thank our God, who sent
These wild sea-birds, to be
The friends of every one who sails
The wide and trackless sea."

—R. P. S.

A SCENE IN ROME.

W. W. Story, the American sculptor, lived in Rome for many years, and has given a very interesting description of a custom called the blessing of animals which is held every year.

The horses, mules and donkeys are taken to the church of St. Antonio to receive a blessing from the priest of the church. He says the doors are thrown wide open and the church and the altar are resplendent with candles and the crowd pours in and out.

The priest stands at the door, and as the animals pass in procession before him they receive his benediction. All the horses in Rome are there, from the common hack to the high bred steed of the prince, some adorned with glittering trappings covered with scarlet cloth and tinsel and tufts and plumes of gay feathers nodding at their heads.

The donkeys come, too, and often bray back their thanks to the priest. And here, too, are the great black horses of the cardinals, with their heavy trappings and scarlet crests, to receive the blessing of Saint Antonio. "All honor to thee, good saint, who blesseth in thy large charity, not man alone, but that humble race who do his work and bear his burdens, and murmur not under his tyrannical inflictions."

Mr. Story thinks this custom makes the people more kind-hearted and gentle, and causes them to love and care more for the animals about them which do their bidding.

—Adapted.

GRACIE AND THE BLUEBIRDS.

“Why didn’t God tell them, mamma?”

Said Gracie, in sad surprise,
As she stood by the window and saw the snow
On the earth and the air and the skies.

“Tell whom, my little girl, Gracie?

Who was it you wanted told?”

“Why, the poor little bluebirds! don’t you know?
I’m afraid they have died in the cold!

“ ’Twas only yesterday morning

I heard them singing so gay;
I suppose they were sure that spring had come
And winter had gone away.

“They looked so pretty and happy,

All flying and hopping around;
I think they were going to build their nests,
And were picking up straws from the ground.

“Why didn’t God tell them, mamma,

That the snow was coming again?
And teach them to wait in a warmer place,
Till he sent the April rain?”

“God knows what is best for birdies,

As well as for you and me;

And, Gracie, I think they are hidden away,
All safe, where we cannot see.

“The spring is as sure as ever,
Though we did not expect the snow ;
And we and the bluebirds can wait for God,
For he loves us well, we know.

“By and by, when the storm is over,
You may scatter some crumbs about;
And if any hungry bluebird is near
I think he will find them out.

“And soon, when the snow is melted,
They will all come back again ;
And grass will grow, and birdies will know
They have not waited in vain.

“God doesn’t tell birds nor people
What storms are coming some day ;
He wants them to wait, and trust in Him,
For he knows the very best way !”

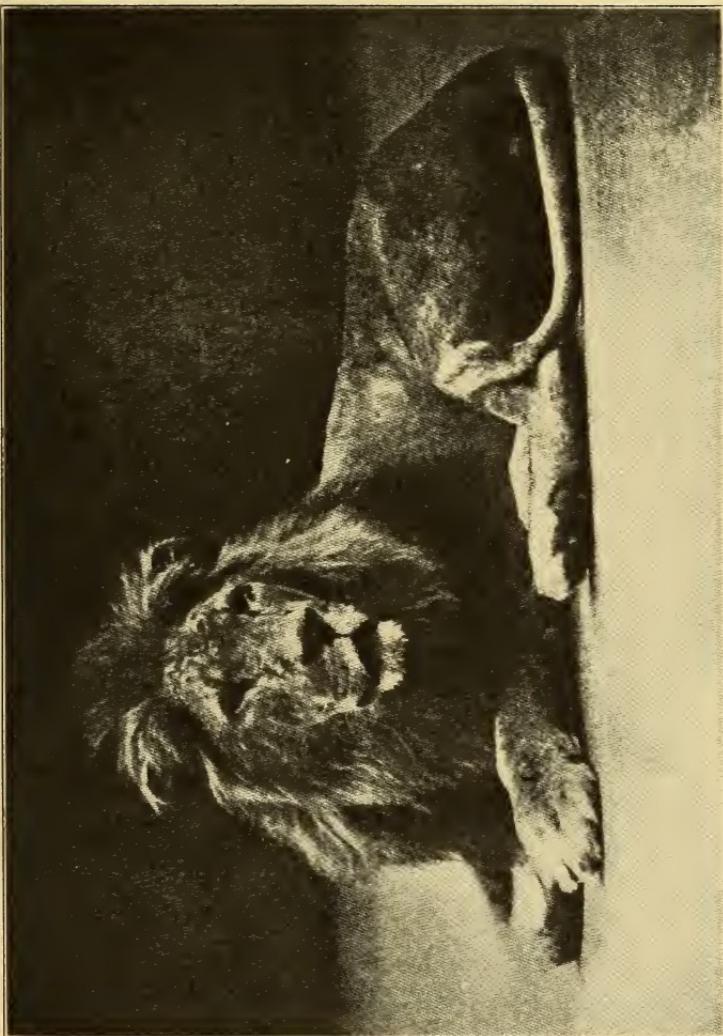
Little Gracie thought and listened,
And the trouble went out of her eyes ;
But she kept her watch at the window all day,
Till the storm had gone out of the skies.

And just at the cold gray sunset
A "Peep-peep-peep!" was heard.
And down on the doorstep for Gracie's crumbs
Flew one little lonely bird.

"You've come for your supper!" said Gracie:
"God sent you, I guess; He knows!
And, birdie, you needn't be afraid.
No matter how much it snows!"

"Just shut your eyes and wait, birdie,
Till God says 'Ready!' Then fly
And see how the grass will be growing green,
All under the warm blue sky!"

—*Jennie Harrison.*



THE LION

THE LION.

The lion is called "the King of Beasts" because of his great strength, noble appearance and marvelous voice. His roar is said to strike terror in man and beast alike.

Do you know in what parts of the world they live?

Although lions are usually very fierce, yet there are instances on record where they formed strong attachments to their keepers, and for dogs and other animals, which have been confined with them.

A little dog was once thrown into a lion's den. The lion not only spared the dog's life but made him his companion and favorite. One day the lion was very hungry, and when food was brought for them the dog snapped at the first morsel, and this made the lion angry, and in a moment of excitement he dealt the dog a blow which killed him. From that time the lion pined away, would not eat and soon died, apparently of grief.

There is an old Roman story of a Governor who treated one of his slaves named Androcles so cruelly that he ran away to a desert and crept into a cave. To his horror, the cave was a lion's den, and a large lion came out toward him. He expected to be killed at once, but the lion came up and held out his paw as if to ask him to look at it. He looked it over and found a thorn in it and pulled it out. The lion was relieved of his pain and showed his gratitude, the same as a dog would to his master.

After a time Androcles ventured back to the place where he used to live and was taken up as a runaway slave and was condemned to be eaten up by a wild beast before a great crowd of

people. A large lion had been caught and Androcles was thrown in a place where the lion was let in upon him. The lion came bounding up, and the people expected to see him torn to pieces. What was their surprise to see the lion fawn before him like a dog who had found his master.

It was the same lion Androcles had met with in the desert, and the grateful animal would not hurt the man who had taken the thorn from his foot.

—Adapted.

GOLD LOCKS' DREAM.

One sunny day, in the early spring,
Before a bluebird dared to sing,
Cloaked and furred as in winter weather—
Seal-brown hat and cardinal feather—
Forth with a piping song
Went Gold Locks “after flowers.”
“Tired of waiting so long,”
Said this little girl of ours.

She searched the bare brown meadow over,
And found not even a leaf of clover;
Nor where the sod was chill and wet
Could she spy one tint of violet;
But where the brooklet ran
A noisy swollen billow,

She picked in her little hand
A branch of pussie-willow.

She shouted out, in a happy way,
At the catkins' fur, so soft and gray ;
She smoothed them down with loving pats,
And called them her little pussy-cats.

She played at scratch and bite ;
She played at feeding cream ;
And when she went to bed that night
Gold Locks dreamed a dream.

Curled in a little cosy heap,
Under the bedclothes, fast asleep,
She heard, although she scarce knew how,
A score of voices “M-e-o-w ! m-e-o-w !”
And right before her bed,
Upon a branching tree,
Were kittens, and kittens, and kittens,
As thick as they could be.

Maltese, yellow, and black as ink ;
White, with both ears lined with pink ;
Striped, like a royal tiger's skin ;
Yet all were hollow-eyed and thin ;
And each one wailed aloud.
Once, and twice, and thrice :

“We are the willow-pussies ;
O, where are the willow-mice ?”

Meanwhile, outside, through branch and bough,
The March wind wailed “M-e-o-w ! m-e-o-w !”
’Twas dark, and yet Gold Locks awoke,
And softly to her mother spoke :

“If they were fed, mamma,
It would be very nice ;
But I hope the willow-pussies
Won’t find the willow-mice !”

—*Clara Doty Bates.*

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Lord Shaftesbury was a prominent English statesman. He was rich, talented and powerful, but he used all his great gifts to help the weak and unfortunate.

When he was a young man there were thousands of poor little children working long days in coal mines and factories, and there were no laws to prevent it or to protect them from great cruelty.

Lord Shaftesbury turned aside from a life of ease and pleasure and became the champion of these children. He went into Parliament and through his great influence, laws were passed which removed this great evil and many others.

One day a little girl in London wanted to cross one of the

streets, but it was so choked with carriages, cabs and omnibuses that she could not cross alone without great danger of being killed.

She walked up and down looking into the faces of men, trying to find some one who would help her. Some were hard and stern looking, some were in great haste and she did not dare to speak to these, but after a time she saw a kind-looking old gentleman and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?" and the kind old gentleman helped her over. He was Lord Shaftesbury.

Afterwards when he told the story he said, "That little girl's trust in me is one of the greatest compliments I ever had in my life."

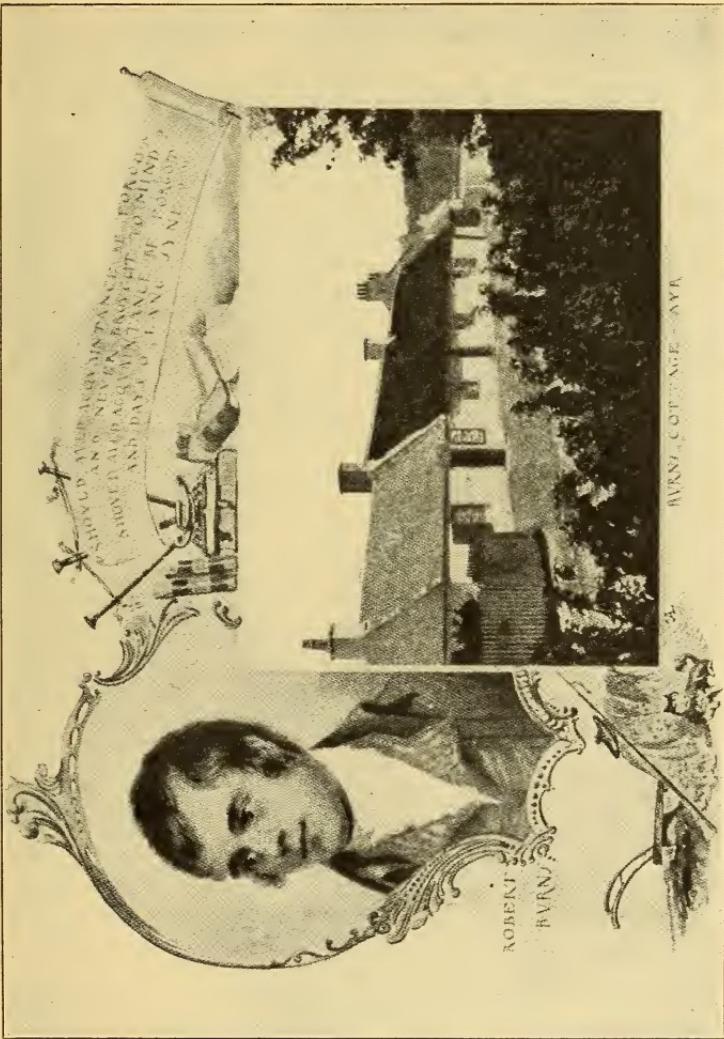
CHEER UP.

A little bird sings, and he sings all day—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
No matter to him if the skies be gray—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
He flies o'er the fields of waving corn,
And over the ripening wheat;
He answers the lark in the early morn
In cadences cheery and sweet.
And only these two little words he sings—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
A message to earth which he gladly brings—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”

He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
And little cares he for the storm or cold—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
And when in the winter the snow comes down,
And fields are all frosty and bare,
He flies to the heart of the busy town,
And sings just as cheerily there.
He chirps from his perch on my window-sill—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
This message he brings with a right good-will—
“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”

This dear little messenger can but say
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
As over the housetops he makes his way—
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
Oh, let us all learn from this little bird
 A lesson we surely should heed;
For if we all uttered but one bright word
 The world would be brighter indeed!
If only Earth's children would blithely say
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
How jolly a world would ours be today—
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

—Eva Best, in *Child-Life*.



ROBERT BURNS AND HIS HOME

ROBERT BURNS' LOVE FOR ANIMALS.

The poet Burns belongs to the world, and wherever our language is spoken his poems and songs are read and sung. But to the Scottish people he is especially dear, and no other native of that country is so highly honored throughout the civilized world. Born in a lowly thatched-roof cottage, he came to a home of grinding poverty. Placed at hard toil on a farm from childhood, he lived a laborious, plodding life, made harder by his own folly and waywardness.

Yet in spite of all, his genius burst forth, and he has left poems which are imperishable. Plowing in the field one day, the plow upturned a field-mouse's nest, and as he saw the soft nest torn to pieces and the helpless young mice thrown out of their snug home as if by some convulsion of Nature, his heart was stirred with a great pity, and he wrote the poem, "To a Mouse, on Turning Up Her Nest With the Plow."

He wrote an elegy on the death of his pet ewe, and a New Year's salutation to his old mare "Maggie," showing how his heart went out to these dumb friends.

He saw a wounded hare pass by, and wrote a poem venting his indignation against the cruel sportsman.

He heard a thrush sing on a January morning, and the song awakened the melody in his own heart, which he embodied in a poem.

And thus this child of genius showed the love and tenderness of his nature for the dumb creatures about him.

WHEN OLD JACK DIED.

When Old Jack died we stayed from school (they said
At home we needn't go that day), and none
Of us ate any breakfast—only one,
And that was papa—and his eyes were red
When he came round where we were, by the shed
Where Jack was lying, half way in the sun
And half-way in the shade. When we begun
To cry out loud, pa turned and dropped his head
And went away: and mamma, she went back
Into the kitchen. Then, for a long while,
All to ourselves, like, we stood there and cried;
We thought so many good things of Old Jack,
And funny things—although we didn't smile
We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died.

When Old Jack died, it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us: that some face
That we had loved to fondle and embrace
From babyhood, no more would condescend
To smile on us forever. We might bend
With tearful eyes above him, interlace
Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,
Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might send
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist,
(If sobs had let us), or, as wildly vain,
Snapped thumbs, called “Speak,” and he had not replied;

We might have gone down on our knees and kissed
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain
Deaf, motionless, we knew, when Old Jack died.

When Old Jack died it seemed to us, some way,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained
Even, unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last sad tribute there; while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board fence, and deigned
To sigh "Poor dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, because,
For love of them, he leaped to lick their hands—
Now that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws,
And o'er his grave, 'way down the bottom-lands,
Wrote "*Our First Love Lies Here,*" when Old Jack died.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

DICK MARTIN, THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

About one hundred years ago a very learned and eloquent lawyer named Lord Erskine, who was a member of the British Parliament, was so shocked at the terrible cruelty to animals which he saw everywhere about him, that he thought that something should be done to prevent it.

At that time there were no laws to protect animals from cruel usage, and most men felt that if they owned animals they could abuse and torture them in any way they pleased, and no one had any right to interfere.

As Lord Erskine was one of the most powerful members of Parliament, he thought that he would try to get a law passed to prevent cruelty to animals, and he made one of his most eloquent speeches in favor of it, but the other members thought that it was foolish to notice the sufferings of animals, and made so much sport of Lord Erskine and his speech that nothing was done, and he gave the matter up in despair.

About eleven years after, there was a member of the House of Commons from Galway, Ireland, whose name was Richard Martin, but whom every one knew as "Dick" Martin.

He was noted for two things—his love of animals, and his readiness to chastise any one whom he thought insulted him. He was warm-hearted and impulsive, and like Lord Erskine, he pitied the poor animals which were so cruelly used everywhere he went, and decided that he would try to get a law passed to protect them. He made a speech in the House of Commons, but he had not gotten very far before he was interrupted by jeers

and laughter, just as Lord Erskine had been eleven years before. Mr. Martin stopped his speech and turning round said that he should be very much obliged to the gentlemen who had insulted him if they would give him their names. There was silence at once, but no names were given, and Mr. Martin went on with his speech and was not disturbed any more.

The result of that speech was the first law ever passed for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and from that time the spirit of mercy has been extending over the civilized world.

All honor to the brave Irishman who so nobly began the good work.

“Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise:
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.”

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson, large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green hillside?

Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on breast and back and wings,
Proud of the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching their motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone wall,
Tumbling and twittering, ready to fall,
The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to slender bough she clung,
She felt that *the lives of her birdlings hung*
On a more slender thread.

Ah birdie, I said, if you only knew,
My heart was tender and warm and true!

But the thought that *I loved her birdlings too,*
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow,
Under its load and care.

And oh, if we only knew
That God is tender and warm and true,
And that He loves us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

—Author unknown.

One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken,
Has power to make a thrill of joy
E'en in a heart that's broken !
Then let us watch these little things—
And so regard each other,
That not a word, nor look, nor tone
Shall wound a friend or brother.—Ex.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

A prominent doctor in Winnipeg had a horse which he called his partner in business for about twenty years. One stormy night the doctor had a "hurry" call from one of his best patients, who lived in the outskirts of the city, a mile or more away. He drove full speed, dashed up to the front of the house, jumped out, threw the blanket over the horse, gathered up his instruments and rushed into the house, leaving his partner unhitched as he always did.

He found his patient was an aged grandmother, who had fallen and dislocated her shoulder, and the doctor worked on her for three hours before he could leave her.

In the meantime the blanket had blown off the horse and there was a cold sleet, which froze and made a coating of ice wherever it fell.

When the doctor went out he found the horse there, and his head was turned towards home. In the morning they saw from the tracks of the carriage that during the three hours of that pelting and freezing storm the horse many times had started for home, and then turned back, sometimes a quarter of a mile, and sometimes half a mile, and could not bear to leave the doctor.

—*Adapted.*

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way;
Nor offered a helping hand to her.
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,

Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
“She’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,
For all she’s aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she’s poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”
And somebody’s mother bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: “God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody’s pride and somebody’s joy.”

—*Selected.*

In the works of mercy that engage
The minds and hands of thousands, we behold
Signs of a blessed future.

—*Bryant.*

THE PIG AND THE DOG.

Sailors are very fond of having some pet animals on their ship, because the long journeys are so tiresome, and there is so little to amuse them that time passes very heavily. On a ship which sailed from India to England the sailors had two pets, one a dog named Toby and the other a pig.

You would not think that a dog and a pig would be very good friends, but strange to say, these would eat from the same plate, lie down together side by side in the sun, and walk the decks together in the most friendly way.

There was just one thing which they quarreled about, and that was this: Toby had a very nice kennel, which the sailors had made for him to sleep in, but the pig had none, and he could not understand why Toby should have a house to sleep in while he had to lie out of doors on the deck. So he would watch his chance and slip into Toby's kennel while he was away, and when Toby got ready to go to bed and came to his house, the pig was already in and kept him out.

One day the weather was very stormy, it blew hard and the great waves dashing against the ship made it roll from side to side, and besides it was raining hard, so that the deck was slippery, and the poor pig was slipping and tumbling about in a very unpleasant way.

In the afternoon, long before bedtime, he thought that the best thing he could do would be to get safely into Toby's kennel for the night. He managed to pick his way to the kennel, but Toby had the same thought and was already in his house.

Now some people think that pigs are very stupid and do not know much, but they are mistaken. The pig did not like the idea of slipping and sliding on the deck all night, so he set his wits to work to find a way how to get in the kennel. Of course the hard thing was to get Toby out, and this is the way he did it.

He went to the plate where their food was placed for them and carried it some distance from the kennel and yet in sight of the dog. He then stood with his tail turned towards the dog and began to make a noise as if he was eating a fine dinner.

Toby pricked up his ears and saw the pig put his head down to the plate and champ as if he were eating something good. Toby thought to himself, "if there is any dinner there, I want some of it," and jumped out of the kennel and went to the plate.

The cunning pig was watching his chance and slipped back, and then dashed for the kennel and got in before Toby could get there. We don't know whether pigs laugh, but if they do, he must have had a good fit of laughing when Toby came to his house and tried to get in, but could not.

Of course this was very selfish in the pig, but pigs are pigs, and we can't expect anything else from them, but boys and girls can do better and ought to have an obliging spirit and to be ready and willing to do kind things for others, even if it gives them trouble to do it.

THE DOG AND THE TRAMPS.

A gentleman who lives near Boston, is the owner of a large St. Bernard dog. Some distance away lives a widow all alone, who is very much afraid of tramps as they pass her house on the way to Boston.

The gentleman, knowing that she is afraid, whenever he sees a person looking like a tramp coming down the road, says to his dog: "Jack, go over to Mrs. Holt's and sit on her piazza until the tramp goes by."

The dog understands what his master says and goes over to Mrs. Holt's house and sits on the piazza. If the tramp comes through the gate he goes forward and growls, and generally this is enough, for the tramp is likely to turn about and leave as soon as possible. The dog then waits until the tramp gets out of sight and then goes home.

Is there not great difference in dogs as well as in boys? This dog has the manners and spirit of a gentleman.

WHO OWNS THE FARM?

We bought the house and the apple trees,
And the spring where the cresses grew;
The old stone wall and the slope of grass
All studded with violets blue.

We bought and paid for them honestly,
In the usual business way;
'Twas settled, we thought, yet there are some
Who dispute our title each day.

A phœbe came to the eastern porch,
Where I loitered one sunny day,
And told me that porch was hers, not mine,
Just as plainly as bird could say.

That she didn't want me prying there
Into all her family affairs,
And asked me by pert little gestures,
If I had no family cares.

The vireo perched high above me,
In the great branching apple tree,
And said: "I am here, I'm here, I'm here,"
As though 'twere important to me.

And then he most saucily asked me,
"Who are you?" in such an odd way

That I felt quite like an intruder,
And I hadn't a word to say.

A pair of robins have made their home
In that very same apple tree,
And they plainly tell me every day
That they don't care a straw for me.

And a pair of chippies think the limbs
Are exactly the proper height;
They've been looking round some time, I know,
For a suitable building site.

What right have we in this place, think you,
When the crows make free with our corn,
And the brown thrush says "good-by" each night,
And the blue jays call us at morn?

The chimney belongs to the swallows,
The piazza's owned by the wren;
We'll take care to see our title's clear,
When we purchase a farm again.

—*Kate M. Post.*

LORD NELSON.

Lord Nelson lived a little more than one hundred years ago. He was the most famous sea-fighter that the world has ever known. He gained victory after victory when the odds were against him. His services to his country were so important that honors and rewards were showered upon him by a grateful nation.

This great hero knew not fear, still he had a kind and gentle heart. His men almost idolized him, and at one time, when his ships were lying on the Northern Coast of Sardinia, he won the hearts of the people in the villages on the coast by his many acts of kindness and consideration. Afterwards these people, to show their good will towards him, gave him all the assistance in their power.

When he left home to take command of the fleet, just before the battle of Trafalgar, he wrote in his diary: "At half past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go and serve my King and country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfill the expectations of my country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind."

"His will be done. Amen."

Before the battle opened, when his ships were all in readiness, Nelson went down to his cabin and on his knees he wrote in his

diary: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

About an hour after the battle had begun he was struck by a musket ball, but not before the victory had been assured. He was carried from the deck; while his life's blood was pouring out, and he knew that he had but a short time to live. One of his favorite officers was a brave young man named Hardy, who was soothing and comforting him all he could in his last moments. Just before he died he whispered, "Hardy, kiss me," and then his lips moved and they could just hear his dying words, "Thank God, I have done my duty," and then the fearless heart was stilled forever.

Some boys think it is brave and manly to be cruel and unkind, but many of the great heroes of history show that such boys are mistaken, for like the gallant Nelson, nearly all have kind hearts.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger—
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly;
Nobody in sight,
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite,
Closed the trap together,
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said: "I am not a baby;
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run around alone!"
Off she went; but somebody,

Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass;
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care!" said the robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything!"
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to think;
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now my little children,
You who read this song,

Don't you see what trouble
Comes from thinking wrong?
Can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows
Who has gone before.
But when you're warned of ruin
Beware of what's in store.

—*Author unknown.*

If you cannot do a kind deed
Speak a kind word;
If you cannot speak a kind word
Think a kind thought.



ROBIN REDBREAST

*From painting by
Munier*

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer !
For summer's nearly done ;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun ;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
Robin sings so sweetly,
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon will turn to ghosts !
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn, late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And what will this poor Robin do ?
For pinching days are near !

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty days like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin
His little heart to cheer.

—*William Allingham.*

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifed:
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

DOGS AT WORK.

One of the most painful sights which travelers see whilst visiting some parts of Europe, is to see the dogs harnessed to wagons with women. Very often the wagons and loads are large enough for a small horse, and then the poor dog, with his tongue hanging out, pants and strains himself to draw the load, until it seems as if he would drop from exhaustion.

In the cities it is a common thing to see wagons, loaded with milk, fruit or vegetables, drawn by dogs and women, the woman on one side of the tongue and the dog harnessed on the other side. This is the most common in Holland and Belgium.

It is only about sixty years ago that the use of dogs for drawing wagons in London, England, was abolished. But it is in the Arctic regions, where it is very cold, that dogs are the most useful. In that country there are great stretches of snow and ice for hundreds of miles, and there would be no way of travelling over them but for the dogs.

The dogs have collars around their necks and to these are fastened ropes about twenty or thirty feet long, which are tied to a sledge, and it is wonderful what loads they can draw and how fast they can travel. Several dogs are harnessed to one sledge so that they have plenty of company, and sometimes the dogs quarrel and fight so as to get in a bad tangle, and then the driver has to separate them and make them behave themselves before he can continue his journey.

At night the traveler sleeps in a bag made of warm fur and is quite comfortable, but the poor dogs have to be content with a

supper of frozen fish, and then sleep out of doors in the cold snow. Very often the sharp ice makes their feet very sore, and they suffer terribly. They have a hard life, for besides many hardships, some of their drivers are very cruel to them.

Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward, or homeward bound are we
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The fortunate isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear.

—Longfellow.

LOST—THREE LITTLE ROBINS.

Oh, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard today,
And carried my three little birdies away?

They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels today,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away?

He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare.

Ah me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray:
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray.
Who carried my three little birdies away?

He had pretty blue eyes,
And was small of his size.

Ah! he must be wicked and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
And carrying three little birdies away?

Did he go through the town,
Or go sneaking aroun'
Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins today,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;
 I'll sing all day long
 My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me—
How happy we were on the old apple-tree,
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?

 Oh, how can I sing,
 Unless he will bring
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?

-Author unknown.

LAMERTINE'S LAST SHOT.

Lamartine was one of the most distinguished poets and statesmen of France. This is how he describes his last shot:

"A harmless happy roebuck bounded joyously over the wild thyme on the verge of the wood. Now and then I could see him above the heather, pricking his ears, butting in play, warming his dewy flanks in the rising sun, and browsing on the young shoots, in his innocent revel of solitude and safety.

I am a sportsman's son and spent my boyhood with my father's gamekeepers. I had never thought about the brutal instinct that leads man to find amusement in slaughter, and to destroy without necessity, justice, pity or right animals who might equally claim to hunt and slay him if they were as ruthless, well armed and savage in their pleasures as he is in his. My dog was on the alert, my gun pointed, the deer right ahead. I did feel a certain hesitation and remorse at cutting short such a life—*such joy and innocence in a creature that had never harmed me*, and that delighted in the same sunshine, the same dew, the same morning freshness, as I did; created by the same Providence, perhaps endowed in a different degree with the same thought and sensibility, perhaps bound in the same ties of affection and relationship—looking for his brother, waiting for his mother, his mate, his little one. But Nature's recoil from murder was overborne by the mechanical instinct of habit. I fired. The roebuck fell, his shoulder broken by the shot, and his blood reddening the turf on which he vainly struggled in his agony.

When the smoke dispersed I approached, pale and shudder-

ing at my misdeed. The poor, lovely creature was not dead. It looked at me, its head sunk on the grass, its eyes swimming in tears. Never shall I forget that look, to which amazement, suffering, and untimely death seemed to give a human depth of feeling quite as intelligible as words—for the eye has its language, and most of all when about to close forever. That look said distinctly, with a heart-rending reproach for my wanton cruelty, ‘What are you? I do not know you; *I never offended you. Perhaps I should have loved you. Why have you struck me with death? Why have you snatched from me my share of sky and breeze, of light and joy and life?* What will become of my mother, my mate, my fawn, waiting for me in the brake, to see only these torn tufts of hair and these drops of blood on the heather? *Is there not up above an avenger for me and a judge for you?* And still while I accuse you, I forgive. There is no anger in my eyes; my nature is so gentle, even towards my murderer; there is but amazement, pain, and tears.’

“This is literally what the eyes of the wounded deer seemed to say. I understood and reproached myself as if it had spoken with a voice. ‘Put an end to me now,’ it seemed to say, too, by the grief in its eyes and the helpless shiver in its limbs. I would have given anything to undo what I had done. Alas! the most merciful close to my pitiless work was to shoot my poor victim once more, and so put it out of its misery. Then I flung the gun away, and in truth shed tears of which I am not ashamed. My dog knew something of my meaning; he did not stir, but lay

beside me sad and abashed, as if he mourned with me and the victim of this cruel, wanton sacrifice.

"I abandoned forever the *brutal pleasure of murder, the sportsman's savage despotism which without need, right, or pity, takes away the life that he cannot restore.* I swore to myself never again to cut short in my caprice an hour of sunshine enjoyed by these denizens of the woods, and by the birds of heaven, who taste, like us, the transient ecstasy of light and the more or less vague consciousness of existence under the same sky as ourselves."

Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child —
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love.

—N. P. Willis.

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim,
“Ha ! ha !” laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews “What’s that?”
Gustava feeds her—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
“Good day !” cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
Then comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
“Welcome !” cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,
But who is this through the door-way comes ?

Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
“Ha ! ha !” laughs little Gustava.

“You want some breakfast, too?” and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks like silk,
“Dear Rags!” says little Gustava.

Waiting without, stand sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
“Won’t you come in, good folks?” she said,
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though “Pray come in!” cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat,
With doves and biddy, and dog and cat,
And her mother came to the open house door:
“Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava !”

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves,
The shy, kind creatures ’tis joy to feed,
And, oh ! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

HOW ANIMALS MAKE THEIR TOILETS.

Did you ever see a cat wash her face with her paws and then clean herself and smooth down her fur with her tongue, which is rough and almost as good as a clothes brush?

When dogs, foxes and wolves think it the proper time to clean up they scratch themselves with their front and back paws, and they seem to feel as much refreshed as if they had taken a bath.

Men who have traveled in the Arctic regions, where the seals live, and who have noticed their habits when they are on shore, tell us that they spend as much time in making their toilets as a woman does.

The elephant has such a thick and hard skin that it looks as if it would never need washing, but the elephant does not think so, for he wants a bath as often as possible, and the way he does it is to fill his mouth with water and then spirt it all over himself with his long trunk, which he can turn in all directions.

In certain parts of Egypt there are a great many crocodiles, and they live very largely on fish. They have long, pointed teeth, and very often pieces of fish or other food get in, or between their teeth, just as it does with us. You know how unpleasant it is for us to feel that pieces of food are between our teeth, and so we use a toothpick at the proper time. The crocodile cannot use a toothpick if he had one, and you could never guess how he gets his teeth clean. All he has to do is to open his mouth wide, and a bird called the plover comes and flies into his mouth and picks out the pieces of food, and gets his dinner in that way.

Mice have long whiskers, which they comb out as carefully with their hind legs as a man does with his comb.

The cow has a rough tongue, almost as good as a brush, and seems to take a great deal of pains to keep herself clean, if she is out in the field where she can do as she pleases.

There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is just before the dawning.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

LITTLE TROUT.

'Twas a gay little trout
That one morning gave out
He could shift for himself, and could catch his own flies!
Said his mother, "Take care,
And of anglers beware!"
For his mother was steady and cautious and wise.

"Oh, humph!" gurgled Trout,
Splashing boldly about,
"The very first fly that I see I shall snap
Mother foolishly thinks,
'Twixt her naps and her winks,
That everything tempting is meant for a trap!"

Off he went to the Falls,
Where he made many calls,
Where he raced with the minnows and danced with the perch,
Whilst he did not forget
He was hungry, as yet
Though no fly, worm or cricket rewarded his search.

In the brook's deepest flow,
Lying hid down below,
Tired, at last, slept the Trout, though his eyes did not close,
When there dropped from a stump,

With an innocent plump,
A crimson-hued fly, pausing over his nose.

Little Trout, all alert,
Dashed at once, with a flirt,
At this morsel that promised so sweet a repast.
Nay, he stopped not to look
For a possible hook,
So he found himself airily dangling at last !

He was luckily small,
And not wanted at all.
Thus he found himself back in the brook, in great pain.
I am sure he grew wise
As he increased in size,
Do you think that he ever was captured again?

—*Author unknown.*

THE POWER OF INSECTS.

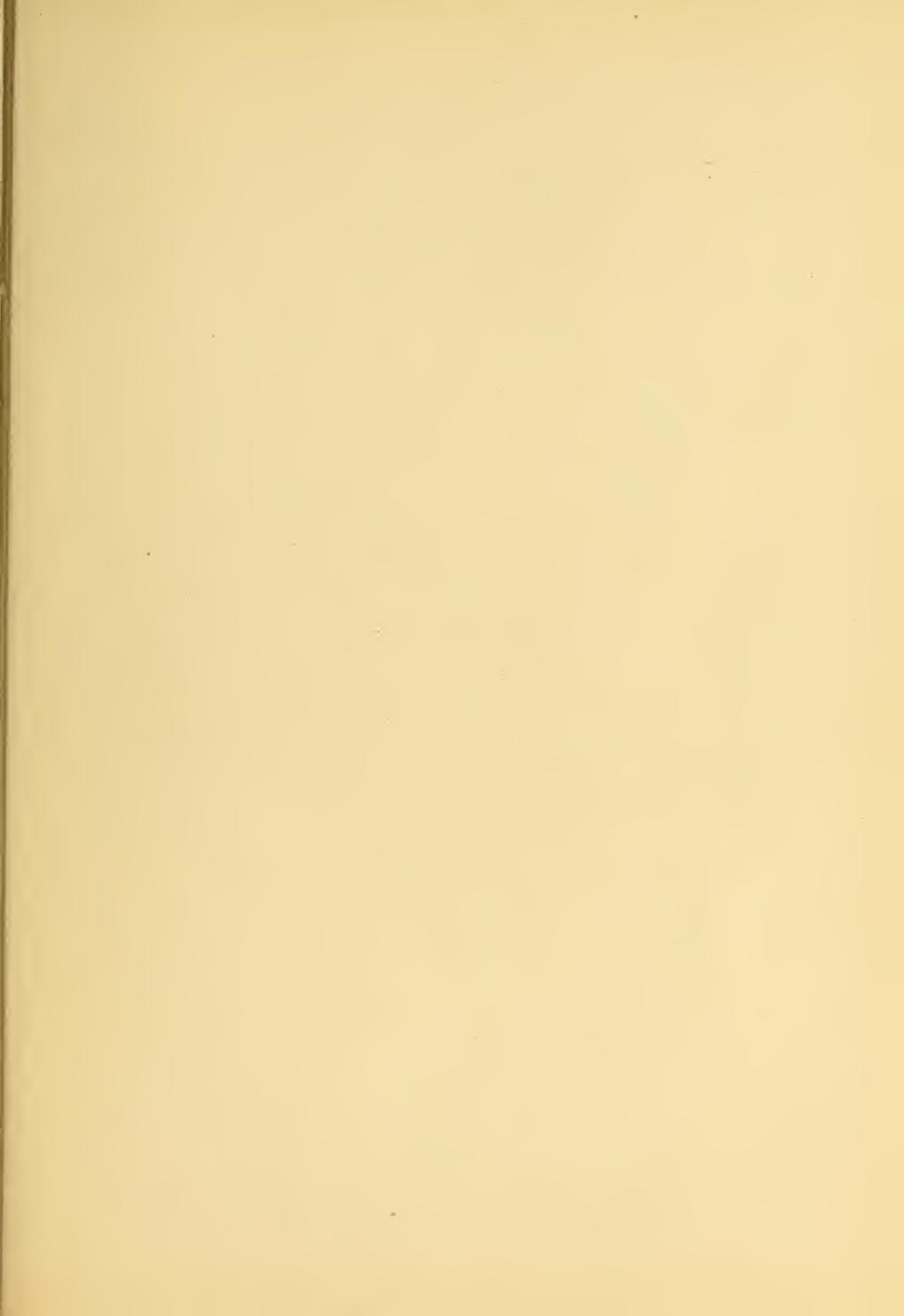
Have you never wondered how a little fly could keep pace with the swiftest horse, and yet they can and do. How fast their little wings must move, and how much strength they must have, or they would soon be tired out.

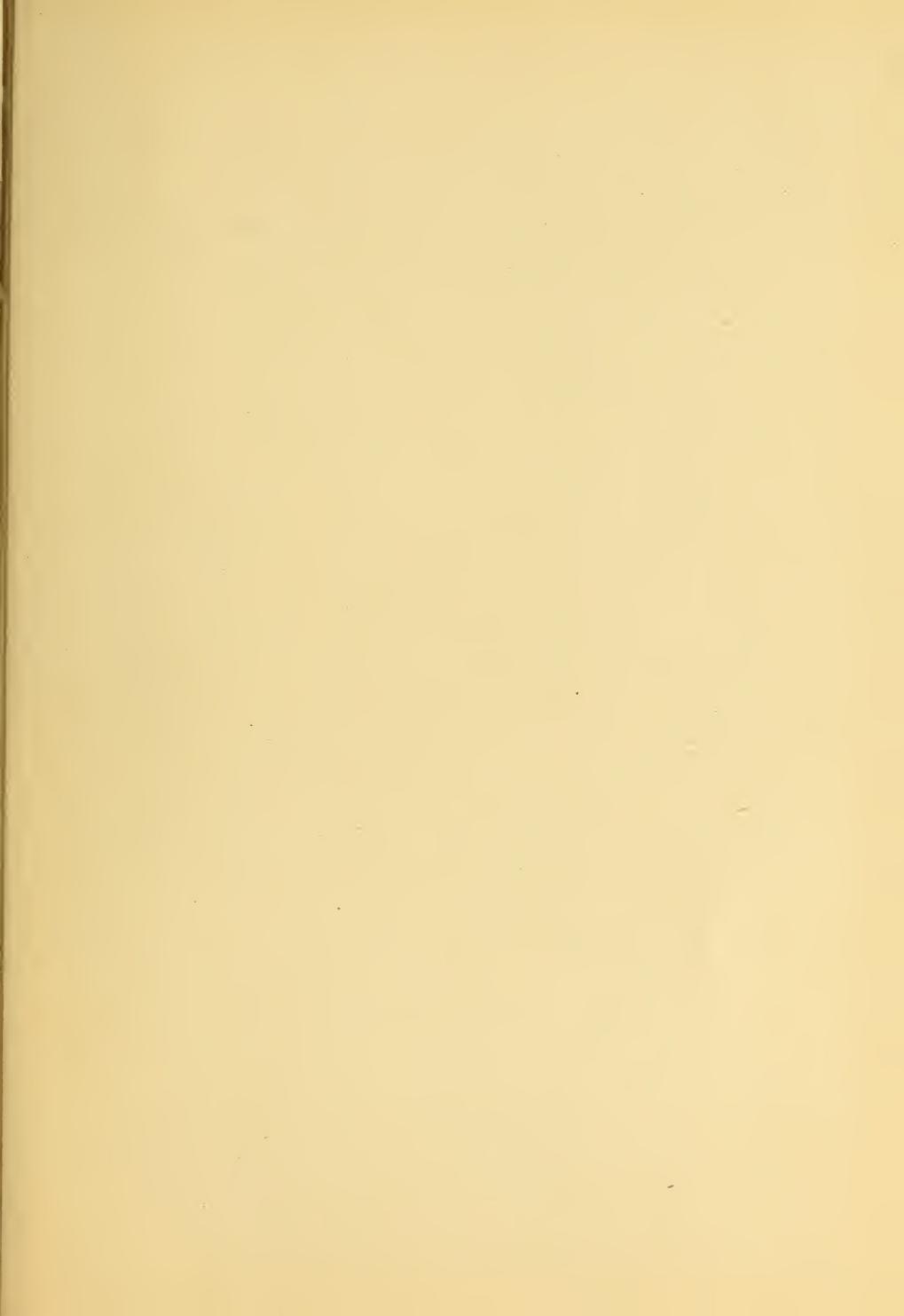
A little fly is said to fly faster than a swallow which tries to catch it.

In Africa there are little ants which build houses twenty feet high.

A little fly, so small that we can hardly see it, has been found to move three inches in half a second, and it is estimated that if a man could run as fast as the fly can move, in proportion to his size, that he would travel twenty-four miles a minute.

We get very hungry if we miss our dinners, and we should think it dreadful if we had to go a whole day without food, but a spider can live ten months without food. We think we are strong, but a little beetle can lift two hundred times its own weight. If a man could lift as much in proportion to his size, he could pick up a railroad freight car and carry it easily.

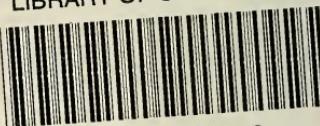




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